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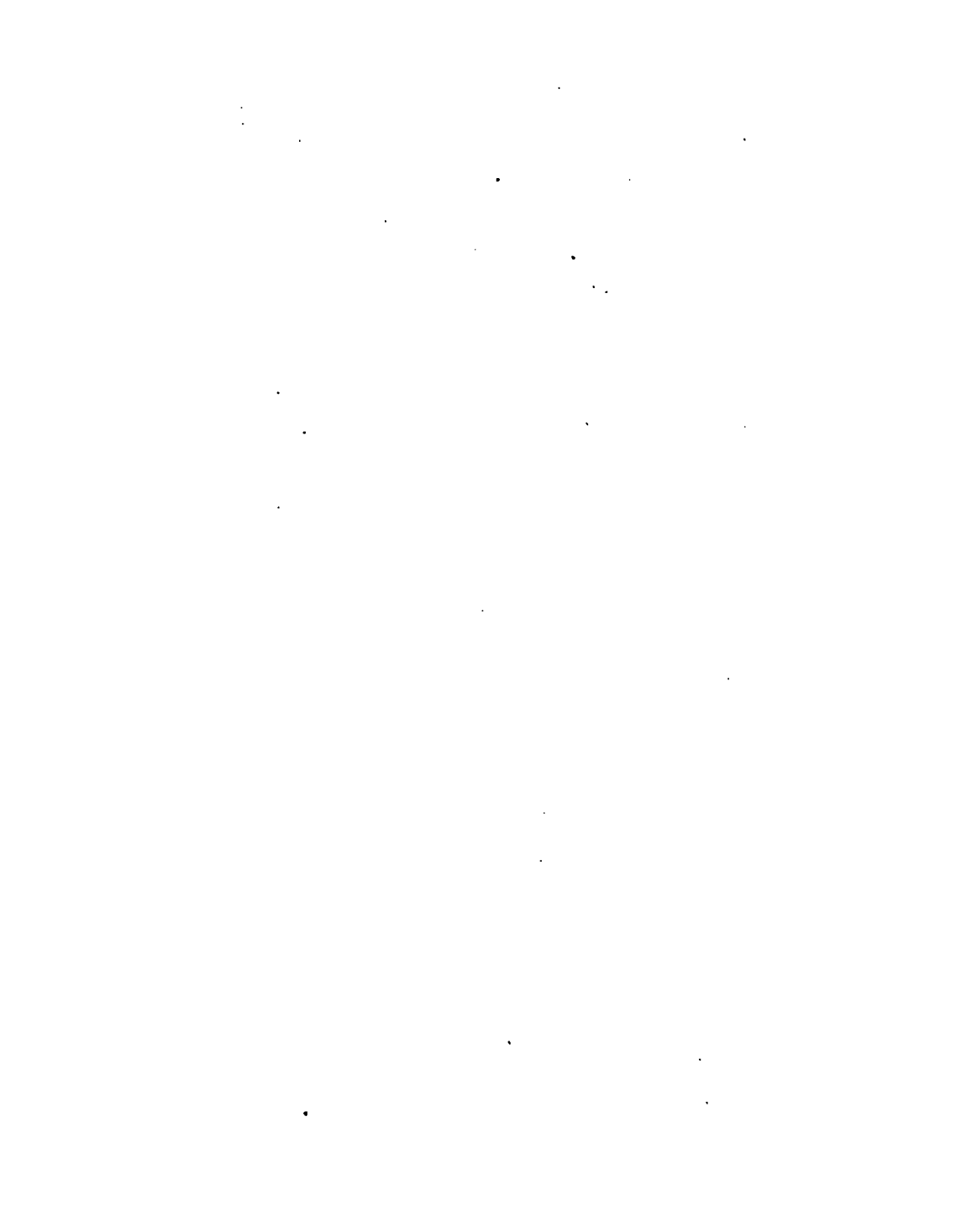


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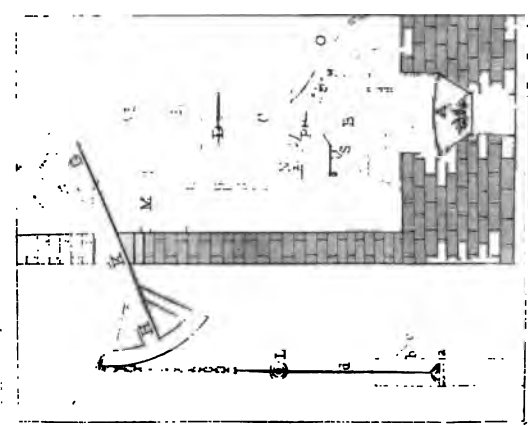
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Nº 1



✓ J.H. 1829
MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS

AT

BRIAR'S HALL;

OR,

SUMMER MORNINGS IMPROVED.

"Virtue is the best gift of Heaven."



London:

**PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
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1828.

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P R E F A C E.

THE object of the following pages, is to inculcate the important truth contained in the motto prefixed in our title-page; namely, that "Virtue is the best gift of Heaven;" and that, without virtue, whatever may be the lot of man in this life, he cannot be happy. To impress this forcibly upon the minds of our young readers, is our chief wish; combined with which, is the desire of conveying a variety of useful knowledge, in a manner that shall interest, without fatiguing their attention. Whether this design has been faithfully executed, must be left for our readers to determine.

To all who have attended to the education of children, or who can recollect their own feelings in early life, it will be unnecessary to say much of the effects produced in the minds of young persons, by the books which they read at an age so susceptible of strong impressions. Next to example, what, indeed, so powerfully operates upon their conduct, as the histories they daily peruse of children like themselves, actuated by the same feelings, and placed in circumstances they fancy may happen to themselves? Who, for instance, that is tempted to cut the tiresome knot of a parcel, does not think of the misfortunes of Hal, in Miss Edgeworth's admirable story of "Waste not, want not?" If, then, the books which children read for their amusement do act thus powerfully upon the mind, which, we think, few will deny, ought not care to be

PREFACE.

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taken that the impressions, often lasting, which young people receive from them, be not mixed with evil; and that, while the interest of a well wrought-up fiction pleases their imagination, it does not, at the same time, give a distaste for reading of a less amusing kind? Are not many of the works written for youth too exciting,—too much in the style of novels; beginning, indeed, with the history of children, but often ending in romance? And does not the constant perusal of these novels in miniature, lead to the love of light reading in after life?

It was these considerations which led us to prefer short, detached pieces, to a continued tale; as being better calculated to convey instruction, without wearying the attention, and likewise affording the means of occasionally uniting fiction with truth. We are aware of the difficulty of

our task, and request the indulgence of the reader for its imperfect execution. But we shall feel glad that we have undertaken the work, if one young person rises from its perusal more anxious to increase in knowledge, or more fully convinced, that in virtue alone is true happiness to be found.

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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS,

&c.

INTRODUCTION.

THE children of a respectable family residing in London, went to spend the Midsummer holidays with their grandfather, at Briars Hall, an old mansion situated in a retired part of Devonshire.

The morning after their arrival, the young people rose at an early hour. The sun was shining brightly, and they longed to enjoy the new pleasure of being in the country. They visited the garden and pleasure-grounds, helped to feed the poultry, and had the charming treat of drinking new milk fresh from the cow. All was most delightful; and when they returned to the house, their grandfather thought he had never seen a group of happier faces.

The next morning was passed in nearly the same manner; but, in a few days, the novelty of

being in the country wore off. Mary, a little girl of nine years old, began to weigh the different quantity of pleasure she should enjoy in taking a walk before breakfast, or in lengthening her morning nap; and, as the comparison was made when she was half asleep, it is not surprising the preference was generally given in favour of lying in bed.

Her grandfather observed this change in her habits. "Have you a headache, my dear," he said to her, one morning, as she came hurrying into the parlour some minutes after the rest of the party were assembled: "your eyes look so heavy, I am afraid you are ill."

Mary blushed, as she assured her grandfather she was quite well, and began eating her breakfast as fast as possible; for she knew the cause of her eyes being but half open, and was afraid of being questioned. In fact, Mary was in bed when the breakfast-bell rang; and it was only by hurrying on her clothes with a dispatch none can imagine possible but those who have tried the experiment, that she managed to hurry down stairs time enough, she hoped, to escape observation.

Nothing more was said, but the effects of her morning indulgence were visible during the whole of the day. Mary was out of humour, and, of course, every thing went wrong. Her

dolls *would not look well*, though she dressed them in their finest clothes; her favourite kitten was cross, and scratched her; and even her brothers seemed always to play at the games she liked least. This was her account of the matter, for it never occurred to her, that it was her own feelings which made the difference.

The following morning Mary, determined not to run the risk of having her idleness discovered, was dressed a quarter of an hour before breakfast-time. But, on entering the parlour, she was a good deal surprised at not finding any one there. She fetched her bonnet, and ran to seek her brothers in the garden, where she soon found them, sitting in a pleasant summer arbour with their grandfather, who appeared to be reading to them. She approached softly, for fear of disturbing them; but her little brother William quickly perceived her, and sliding down from his grandfather's knee, he ran and caught hold of her hand, exclaiming: "Why did you not come before, Mary? Grandpapa is reading such a pretty story."

"A story! I wish you had told me," answered poor Mary in a sorrowful voice, for she was very fond of hearing stories.

"We went every where to look for you," answered her brother Charles, "and as we

could not find you, we concluded you were in bed; and, you know, grandpapa could not wait whilst you were getting up."

"Dear grandpapa," said little William, "as you are so very kind, would you read the story over again to Mary after breakfast? I am sure I should like to hear the beginning again, though I do want so much to know how it ends; and I dare say Charles and Edward would too."

"That we should," said the good-natured boys both at once. Pleased with their willingness to oblige their sister, the old gentleman consented to begin the story again for Mary; but added, "I cannot read to you, my dears, after breakfast, for I shall be engaged then, and unable to attend to you."

The children thought for some time, but could not fix upon any hour that suited all parties. At last, they agreed to defer hearing the story until the next morning, when their kind grandfather promised to meet them again at seven o'clock.

From this time to the close of the vacation, the young people assembled every morning, before breakfast, in the summer arbour, when their grandfather had always something either amusing or instructive to read to them; for, while engaging their attention with a tale or a

dialogue, he endeavoured to instil into their youthful minds the love of virtue, and lead them on to the acquirement of useful knowledge.

Mary was cured of her idle habit of lying late in bed. She found, by experience, how much pleasure and improvement may be gained by one hour's employment before breakfast, and resolved henceforth to become an early riser.

When the children returned home, they begged permission of their grandfather to take with them the different pieces he had read to them, in order that they might amuse their companions with reading them aloud in the long winter evenings. Their request was readily granted, and the contents of the following volume are selected from the collection.

FIEZI;**OR,****TRUTH REWARDED*.****PART I.**

DURING one of the most flourishing periods of the Great Mogul Empire, a young Hindoo, named Fiezi, left his humble home on the banks of the Indus, to seek his fortune in the great city of Delhi.

Until the period when our story begins, Fiezi had tended his father's flocks, and followed the simple occupations of the pastoral life, happy in the possession of all that his moderate wishes required. Blessed with the kindest of parents, and returning their love with all the ardent feelings of an affectionate heart, his days glided

* This story is founded on an historical fact, though many of the circumstances have been necessarily altered. The first idea of converting the adventures of Fiezi into a tale, was suggested to the author by reading a number of the *Juvenile Magazine*, published in the year 1788, in which a story similar to this is introduced.

happily away, without a feeling of discontent, and almost without a thought of the future. Such was his peaceful life, when one of those hurricanes, so frequent in the torrid zone, changed the whole scene.

On the evening of a sultry day, Fiezi and his father observed the first signs of the coming storm. A heavy stillness was in the air; the flocks were bleating, and showed symptoms of terror, though as yet not a cloud was to be seen. Soon, however, a dark speck appeared at the edge of the horizon: it rose higher in the heavens, gathering in its rapid progress a mass of black vapour, till, having attained the zenith, it opened, and spreading on all sides, burst with fury over the valley.

Fiezi and his parents were forced to take refuge in a cavern, to avoid the fury of the tempest, which continued to rage for several hours with unceasing violence. Here they passed the night; and when morning came, they ascended, with trembling steps, a little hill which overlooked the vale beneath.

What a scene of desolation here met their view! Where was the field of rice? and where the flocks upon which they depended for subsistence? Their cottage was entirely destroyed, so that not even a stone remained to show where it had once stood. The aged palm,

whose shade had so often sheltered Fiezi from the burning sun; the little bank of earth, on which he had lisped forth his first infant prayer to Brama: all were gone! and nothing was to be seen but a vast plain of sand and water.

Their lengthened silence showed a grief too deep for utterance, for they felt they had not the power to remedy the evil which they beheld. Fiezi was the first to speak, though in a voice scarcely articulate from emotion, which he in vain endeavoured to stifle.

"Father, we have lost every thing; but you have often told me, that Brama does not entirely forsake the unfortunate; and perhaps he only sends the storm, that the sun may shine more brightly afterwards. Something, however, must be done immediately, and you are too old for hard labour. I can think of but one plan, and that is—my father, I must leave you."

"Leave me, my child!"

"Yes, father. I am young and active, and at Delhi I shall be sure to meet with employment. Suffer me to try. I will toil night and day, until I have gained enough to restore you to that independence which last night's storm has swept away. Do not refuse your consent, my mother! I shall very soon return. Only allow me to make the trial."

It was long before his parents could summon resolution to part with their beloved child; but knowing that a kindred tribe, which inhabited a neighbouring valley, would cheerfully receive them during his absence, and having likewise an indistinct idea of a great fortune to be obtained at the capital, they at length yielded to his entreaties, and gave him permission to depart.

Fiezi then kneeling down, with a trembling voice asked his father's blessing.

"I do indeed bless you, my child," said the old man, with solemn earnestness; "and may you return to us, as worthy to receive my blessing as at this moment. Do not forget those virtues you have hitherto loved and practised. Above all, whatever befalls you, preserve your integrity: fear not death so much as falsehood. Bless thee, my son!"

Fiezi, fearing his resolution would be shaken if he lingered, received a hasty embrace from his parents, and springing from them, was quickly out of sight.

Thus was Fiezi left to his own guidance, at an age when youth most requires a father's care. Hitherto his desires had never strayed beyond the narrow valley in which he lived. To please his parents, had been till now the only object

of his life; and, if ever he looked forward beyond the present moment, it was to the time when he should be able to support them by his labour, and be the prop of their declining years. Filial affection was the ruling feeling of his mind; but he knew not its strength, until he saw his parents in distress. It was then that he felt inspired with new life; all difficulties were overlooked; and he thought that, for their sakes, he could willingly despise hardships, and even death.

Occupied with these reflections, Fiezi pursued his journey, insensible to fatigue, until the approach of night, which closed in as he was entering upon the sandy desert of Mandouri. He looked around for a place of shelter, for the night was cold, and, after the intense heat of the day, he feared its effects upon his exhausted frame; but he looked in vain, no tree, no appearance of vegetation was near, and, faint with thirst and fatigue, he was forced to lie down on the bare sand, when sleep soon came to his relief.

His limbs were stiff when he awoke, and a feeling of sickness and languor oppressed his spirits; but in a short time he perceived a city at a distance, and this revived his hopes. He once more pressed forward with cheerful steps, and soon reached the town of Amercot, where

he immediately procured a supply of food, with some money he accidentally had about him on the morning of the tempest. He sat down to eat it under the porch of a pagoda, and when refreshed, determined to pursue his journey. But the experience of the past day convinced him that it would be impossible to reach Delhi on foot, and he therefore resolved to join one of the numerous caravans which passed through Amercot, on their way to the capital. He accordingly offered the few shekels his purse still contained to the conductor of a caravan, to take him to Delhi, but found that his scanty stock fell far short of the sum demanded.

Fiezi turned away, and, unable to restrain his grief, burst into tears. An aged bramin, who was passing at the time, struck with the sight of one so young in distress, addressed him in words of kindness, and drew from him a relation of his misfortunes.

When Fiezi had finished his recital, "Take this, my son," said the aged bramin, offering him at the same time a small silken bag, that hung suspended at his girdle: "take it, there is enough to bear you to Delhi. Use the gold for your journey, but keep the purse, that it may remind you of the aged bramin of Amercot." Before Fiezi recovered from his surprise, his generous benefactor had disappeared.

Looking at the purse, he exclaimed: "I will indeed keep it, for the sight of this purse will remind me of my benefactor, and make me pity the distressed, if ever I should be rich, and have the power to relieve the wants of others."

Having said this, he emptied the contents of the bramin's purse into his own, and fastened it carefully within his breast; then, once more seeking the scheik of a caravan, he quickly agreed with him about the price, and soon found himself on the road to Delhi, which he reached in safety.

Fiezi was struck with admiration at the sight of this magnificent city, at that time the flourishing capital of the Mogul empire. The grandeur of its buildings; the crowded streets; and the bazaars, in which were displayed all the rich and curious productions of the East, the diamonds of Golconda, the pearls from the Arabian Sea, and the shawls of Cashmere: every thing he saw filled him with astonishment and delight. All was bustle and activity: now the train of some powerful rajah passed by, carrying the spoils of a distant conquest, to lay them at the feet of the sultan; and then a sacred procession, issuing from a neighbouring pagoda, attracted his attention: these again were quickly followed by a motley group, each differing from the other in dress and language.

People of every Asiatic nation, from the haughty Turk to the wandering Tartar, were to be seen in the streets of this vast metropolis.

The novelty of the scene for a time prevented Fiezi from thinking of his own misfortunes; but they were soon forced upon his recollection by the approach of night, and the calls of hunger. His scanty stock of money would only supply him with food, and he was obliged to take shelter for the night under the porch of a pagoda.

Determined not to let another day pass in the same manner, he rose early in the morning, and placed himself at the corner of one of the principal streets, in hopes that some one amongst the crowd of passengers would notice his situation, and offer to employ him. But he waited in vain: they were too much occupied with their own pursuits to attend to the silent pleadings of misfortune; and the heat of noon found him alone in the deserted streets, without being any nearer the object of his wishes. When the cool of the evening again brought the inhabitants from their houses, Fiezi determined to ask for that assistance he found would not be offered; not doubting that, as he only wanted employment, his honest request would be readily granted. Accordingly, he accosted the first person he met, and asked permission

to serve him in any manner that he should point out. But the Turk whom he addressed, only stared at his presumption and passed on. Surprised at such a reception, Fiezi nevertheless continued to address several others in the same manner, but with no better success. At last, he approached a group of merchants employed in sending their bales of goods to different parts of the city. Taught by experience, our hero addressed them in still humbler language; and, taking up one of the parcels which lay scattered on the ground, he begged permission to carry it to its place of destination. But, ere he had finished speaking, he was roughly pushed away; and he perceived by the tones of their voices, (for he did not understand their language,) that he was regarded rather as a thief than a person trying to obtain an honest livelihood.

Though greatly disheartened by these repulses, Fiezi still continued to solicit every one that appeared likely to attend to his story, until night came on, and found him as forlorn and wretched as on the preceding evening. With a small piece of money, which a passenger had carelessly thrown him to avoid listening to his tale, he bought a little rice. It was not sufficient to satisfy his hunger, but it relieved his

faintness; and then, worn out with fatigue and disappointment, he lay down to rest.

The next morning, Fiezi awoke but little refreshed, and weak for want of wood. However, he once more set out in search of employment, though no longer confident of success. It would be useless to relate all the ineffectual efforts he made to awaken compassion. Such narratives are, unfortunately, but too common. It is sufficient to say, that the day passed over without his being able to obtain the relief he now so much needed. By this time his strength was exhausted. Hope, which had hitherto supported, now forsook him; and faint and heart-broken, he seated himself on a stone, and, resting his head upon his knees, thought of his own happy home.

Fiezi was too miserable to sleep, and the hours passed slowly away, until the moufti from a neighbouring mosque called the midnight hour of prayer. He raised his head to catch the sound, and was startled at seeing some one standing near him. The figure was half hid in the shadow of a projecting building; but ere our hero had time to move from the spot where he was seated, it approached, and Fiezi beheld a tall man, closely enveloped in a cloak, standing before him. He looked up in silence; but his countenance told a tale of suffering

that appealed to the heart more strongly than words, and the stranger understood its language.

"You are in distress," he said, at length, in a tone of kindness: "tell me the cause, and perhaps I may relieve it. But do not attempt to impose upon me; for I have the power, young man, to detect and punish falsehood, as well as to assist the unfortunate."

Fiezi, though awed by the stranger's manner, gave an artless account of the misfortunes which had driven him from his home, and the ill-success he had met with in Delhi; and he finished, by declaring his readiness to perform any task, however humble, to earn the means of subsistence.

"Fiezi, since that is your name," said the stranger, when Fiezi had finished his account, "I pity your deserted condition; and if you have spoken nothing but the truth, (which I shall learn to-morrow,) I will take you from this state of wretchedness, and place you far above the reach of want. But I will do this, only on one condition; which is, that you never ask me the reason of my conduct. Promise me this, and I will take you under my protection."

Fiezi readily gave the promise required; and the stranger, making him a sign to follow

in silence, led the way along the side of a high wall, near which the preceding conversation had taken place. Here he stopped; and, after examining the stones carefully for a few minutes, touched a secret spring, when, a part of the wall giving way, discovered a low door, through which they entered. Another spring, on the opposite side, closed the door after them, and the wall appeared unbroken as before.

They were now in a spacious garden; and though it was not light enough to discern distinctly the surrounding objects, Fiezi saw enough to convince him he was traversing the abodes of wealth and grandeur. Having crossed the garden, his guide entered a splendid palace, where a train of slaves instantly appeared, who led the way, through a suite of magnificent rooms, to one in which a banquet was prepared. It seemed, to the astonished youth, like a vision of enchantment. The illuminated apartments, adorned with oriental splendour, dazzled his senses; and when, at the desire of his conductor, he sat down to the repast that was spread before him, he could scarcely partake of its luxuries, so completely was even hunger overpowered by surprise and admiration.

Whilst Fiezi was thus employed, the stranger had thrown himself on a sofa, and lay regard-

ing him in silence with fixed attention, apparently endeavouring to discover, in the varying expression of his features, the turn of his thoughts and character. He had laid aside his cloak, and now appeared sumptuously dressed in a caftan of the richest silk. The hilt of his dagger sparkled with precious stones, and his turban was fastened by a sapphire of inestimable value.

When Fiezi had finished his repast, he was conducted to a chamber suitable in magnificence to those he had already seen, where he lay down to rest, revolving in his mind the events of the night, until sleep overpowered him.

On awaking in the morning, Fiezi could scarcely persuade himself that the objects around him were not the delusions of a delightful dream. He tried to recollect what had happened the night before; but soon his reflections were interrupted by the entrance of several slaves, carrying a variety of costly robes. Requesting him to rise, they dressed him in a rich vest, and led him into a saloon, where they presented him with refreshments; telling him, at the same time, that their master would be ready to receive him at the hour of noon, and that, in the mean while, he might amuse himself in the gardens of the palace. Delighted with the permission, he wandered in the extensive plea-

sure-grounds, endeavouring to discover the path he had followed the preceding evening, and every instant stopping to admire some new object, until the appointed time came, when, hastily retracing his steps, he again entered the palace.

At the further end of a marble hall, beneath a stately canopy, sat the unknown stranger, who, motioning Fiezi to approach and sit beside him, addressed him in the following words.

“ Know, Fiezi, that the stranger who last night conducted you to this palace, and who now speaks to you, is Abdallah, chief favourite of the sultan Mahmoud.”

At the name of Abdallah, Fiezi would have prostrated himself on the ground; but was prevented by the favourite, who thus continued:

“ I want not from you, Fiezi, the deference of a slave, but the affection of a son; and I have disclosed my secret, only to convince you of my ability to serve you, should you prove worthy of my favour; for, be assured, if you are grateful and obedient, you shall have reason to bless the day which introduced you to me.”

“ If I am grateful,” exclaimed the youth.

"Try me, only try me; and then see if you have reason to doubt my gratitude."

"I do not doubt your present feelings," replied Abdallah, kindly; "but time can only show whether they will be lasting. Do not interrupt me," he continued, seeing Fiezi impatient under the bare suspicion of ingratitude; "but hear in silence what I have further to say. From this hour I shall treat you as my adopted son. This palace will be your future abode; and I shall provide you with masters to instruct your mind, and correct your judgment. Though you will see me but seldom, you will do well to act as though always in my presence, since all your actions will be known to me."

"I shall never wish any of my actions to be concealed from my benefactor," replied Fiezi. "But how can I ever repay such goodness? Alas! I can never be of use to the great Abdallah."

"To satisfy your grateful heart," replied the favourite, "know, that the time will come when you will have the power to repay me for all the benefits I now confer upon you; but the enterprise I allude to is connected with an important secret, with which you are yet too young to be entrusted. Therefore, upon this subject I command silence. When the pro-

per time arrives, you shall know what is required of you."

We pass over the joy of Fiezi, at this sudden change in his fortune, and his promises of constant attachment and obedience to his benefactor. On parting, Abdallah presented him with a purse of gold, which he obtained permission to send to his father, with an assurance of his safety; and the favourite, pleased with his filial piety, promised that an equal sum should be forwarded to his parents every year, which relieved Fiezi from all anxiety on their account.

Thus, surrounded with every pleasure wealth could bestow, and enjoying the happiness attending continual improvement, time fled away unperceived; and the earth had performed her annual journey, before our hero was sensible of her progress. Still, amidst these scenes of splendour, Fiezi never forgot the lessons of virtue he had received in his humble home. Every night, as he lay down to rest, he repeated his father's parting command: "Fear not death so much as falsehood," and asked himself if he had that day observed the sacred precept. The aged bramin of Amercot, too, was not forgotten, and often did the remembrance of his charity incite him to imitate his example. Though he rarely saw Abdallah, he

was continually receiving fresh proofs of his favour; and to prove his gratitude to this generous benefactor was now the great object of his wishes; whilst the mysterious enterprise in which he was to be engaged, excited his highest hopes. He thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night; and employed his youthful fancy in picturing to himself the dangers he should undergo, and the fame he should acquire.

At length the time of trial, so ardently longed for, arrived, and Fiezi received a message from Abdallah, desiring his attendance the following evening. With a beating heart he prepared to obey the summons; and scarcely could he bring himself to wait until the setting sun had sunk below the horizon, ere he presented himself before his benefactor.

After the usual salutations, there was a pause of some moments, as Abdallah examined, with a penetrating glance, the youth's open and intelligent countenance. At length, he addressed him in the following terms.

"It is now twelve moons, Fiezi, since I found you a friendless, unhappy wanderer, in the streets of Delhi, without a home, or any human being to care for you. From that state of want and misery I brought you to this palace, where I have watched over your youth, and

treated you as my son. If, for these benefits, you feel that you owe me any gratitude, the time is now come for you to show it; for I am going to point out a way in which, with courage and prudence, you may make me ample amends for all I have done for you. Should you, however, shrink from the trial, say so without fear. Dread no reproaches from me, for you shall have none. On the contrary, you shall have permission to depart from this palace, as free as on the night you first entered it. Now, make your choice. But, remember, the enterprise will require courage, prudence, and fidelity; and, once engaged in, cannot afterwards be relinquished."

"I accept the trial with joy," answered Fiezi, his eyes sparkling with pleasure; "and whatever may be the dangers of the enterprise, I will die rather than relinquish it."

"But first consider whether you have strength for such a task. Can you be secret and faithful in danger?"

"Do you doubt it?" cried Fiezi. "Nay, then, if you cannot trust my fidelity, I am unworthy of your confidence, and then, indeed, I had better leave you."

"You mistake me," replied Abdallah, kindly, "I do not distrust your affection: I only wish to represent truly the dangers you will have to

encounter. But I believe you are equal to the task; therefore, listen attentively to what I am going to relate."

"It is now nearly twenty years since the great Mahmoud Ackbar was seated on the throne of this vast empire; during which time, peace at home, and conquest abroad, have brought happiness and prosperity to his faithful subjects. Beneath his paternal sway, the people have enjoyed the blessings of peace, while his conquering armies have laid waste the dominions of his enemies, and are continually adding fresh provinces to his empire. Beloved at home, and feared abroad, he would be the mightiest of princes, but for a race of men who bid defiance to his authority, and turn the affections of the people from their king, to fill them with a base and foolish superstition. These men are the bramins."

"The bramins!" interrupted Fiezi, in astonishment. "Surely, they are not your enemies?"

"They are," replied Abdallah, sternly; "and they must be yours."

"But why do you hate them?" persisted the amazed youth: "and why should I hate them? Surely, they only teach men to be wise and good."

"Wise and good," said Abdallah, scornfully.

"Is it wise to think the waves of a river can wash out the sins of a wicked life *? or, is it good to be useless to your country, to forsake your family, and neglect every social duty, in order to torture your limbs and distort your bodies †?"

"But I thought," said Fiezi, "that, if men forsook worldly pleasures, and made themselves miserable here, for Brama's sake, he would reward them in another world, when they die."

"Has Brama created men to be miserable, that you imagine he delights in torture and suffering?" asked Abdallah.

"Oh, no; he makes men to be happy, certainly," replied Fiezi: "he is not a cruel God."

* The Hindoos believe that the waters of the Ganges are sacred, and have the power of washing away the stains of sin. This superstition arises from their belief that this river takes its source, not like other streams, in the bosom of the earth, but descends from heaven into the paradise of Devendre, and from thence flows into Hindostan.

† Some will keep their arms constantly stretched over their heads, until they become withered and incapable of motion; and others will chain themselves to trees, which they never afterwards quit. But the most curious penance, perhaps, on record, is that of a man who measured the distance from Benares to Jaggernaut with the length of his body, lying down and rising up alternately.

See Encyclopædia Britannica, under the head, Hindoo.

"Then you cannot please him by such unworthy means ; but rather offend him, by supposing his favour can be so obtained. He placed you in this world to be happy, and to do good to yourself and others ; and, for that purpose, gave you duties to perform, parents to support and honour, friends to love, and fellow-creatures to assist. And you will best show your obedience, by performing the duties which he himself has imposed, and not by inventing penances which he never commanded. But," continued Abdallah, "I did not send for you, Fiezi, to make a trial of your reason, but of your gratitude. I tell you, these haughty bramins mislead the people, and it has long been the desire of Mahmoud to deprive them of their power ; but this cannot be done, so long as they alone can read the sacred books, and understand the mysteries which, as they pretend, are contained in them*. To obtain this know-

* The Bedas, or sacred books, containing the doctrines of the Hindoo religion, are written in the Sanscrit language, which none but the bramins are allowed to learn. Even their princes, though belonging to the next highest cast, can only hear their contents, not being permitted to read the Bedas for themselves. The power which this privilege gives the bramins is almost unlimited, as all the religious ceremonies, and the greater part of the civil institutions of the Hindoos, are derived from these writings.

ledge, the sultan wishes to find a youth possessed of courage, prudence, and, above all, fidelity, who will go to the bramins, and, pretending to be one of their cast, be instructed in their learning, and afterwards return and reveal their secrets. I have long been looking out for a youth capable of undertaking such an enterprise, but hitherto I have failed; for I never found one in whom I could place sufficient confidence to entrust with so important a secret. Your conduct must prove whether my present reliance on your integrity is well placed." Fiezi was going to reply, when Abdallah hastened to add, "I do not require you to decide immediately. You shall have till to-morrow to think of my proposal. If you accept it, and succeed in the undertaking, the sultan will amply reward your services, and bestow upon you wealth and honours, greater than your utmost wishes can desire. If you reject it, you must prepare to quit this palace, and from that hour you will never see me again."

Saying these words, Abdallah rose and quitted the apartment, leaving Fiezi lost in doubt and amazement. He could not sleep that night: the important decision he had to make, occupied his mind too deeply to allow him to repose. He had anxiously expected

some daring enterprise, but this was not exactly what he liked : there was, indeed, danger enough to satisfy his utmost wishes ; for he knew that if he were discovered, the sultan himself would be unable to protect him from the vengeance of the bramins. But his heart revolted from the base and deceitful part he was to act :—to go to the bramins as one of their own tribe, and gain their confidence only to betray it ! As he thought of this, his father's parting words, " Fear not death so much as falsehood," struck upon his conscience, and he almost resolved not to go. But then, how could he refuse to serve his benefactor ? Could he, who had so often promised to lay down his life for his preserver, shrink from the first trial that was offered ? Then he thought of the wealth he should acquire for his parents ; and the dawn of day found him still wavering and uncertain what to resolve upon.

Here let the youthful reader pause, and ask himself how he would have acted in such circumstances.

FIEZI;

OR,

TRUTH REWARDED.

PART II.

WE left Fiezi uncertain whether he should undertake the enterprise Abdallah had proposed to him, and hesitating between his hatred of deceit and his love to his benefactor. The temptation proved too strong for him to resist, and he resolved to sacrifice truth to gratitude.

"Since these bramins," he argued, "are the enemies of the sultan, I surely cannot do wrong in trying to deceive them; besides, should I refuse to go, my opposition will not prevent their ruin, since Abdallah will immediately seek another agent to execute his project. Then, too, it is the command of my generous benefactor, and I must obey him." Thus having quieted his conscience with these specious reasons, he sought Abdallah, threw himself at his

feet, and declared his willingness to undertake the task assigned him.

Abdallah raised him from the ground, and embracing him with a smile of approbation, applauded his determination. "I see I was not deceived in you, brave youth," he continued: "you were born to do noble deeds." At the word *noble*, Fiezi blushed; but Abdallah went on, without appearing to notice his confusion. "I will now go to the sultan, and receive the instructions necessary for your future conduct: in the mean time, prepare for your journey, as you must be ready to depart with a caravan which sets out to-morrow for Benares. For the present, farewell."

Fiezi spent the remainder of the day in arranging the few articles he intended to carry with him, and in anxious reflections on the step he was about to take; for, notwithstanding the efforts he made to conquer his feelings, his thoughts were troubled, and he felt discontented and unhappy.

Early the following morning he was summoned to hear the parting commands of his benefactor, who received him with even more than his wonted kindness. Putting a small sealed packet into his hands, he said, "You will give this to Hendoun, one of the holiest bramins of Benares: it informs him that you are

an orphan belonging to his own sacred cast, and desirous of being brought up in the mysteries of their faith. This will, at once, open the way; and it only remains for you to suit your conversation to the character you assume. Hendoun will receive you as his son; and, if you please him, the rest of your task will be easy. Endeavour to win his affection by every means in your power; but be upon your guard, for, should he ever have the slightest suspicion of this scheme, your life, be assured, will pay the forfeit of your imprudence. Farewell; and remember, the happiness or misery of your future life depends upon your courage and fidelity. Once more, farewell."

Mounted upon a camel, Fiezi slowly pursued his journey to Benares, a city of considerable note, and long celebrated for being the chief residence of the learned bramins. The road lay across vast sandy deserts, without a tree or any trace of vegetation to vary the scene; and not meeting with a spring, Fiezi and his companions were limited to the small quantity of water they carried with them in skins. At length the Ganges appeared in sight, flowing majestically through a rich valley, which it fertilizes; and here the caravan halted, to allow the travellers to perform their ablutions in its sacred waves. After which, they continued their route, without

interruption, to Benares, where Fiezi parted from his companions, and, with a beating heart, turned his steps towards the abode of Hendoun.

He found the bramin seated under the shade of a spreading palm, enjoying the refreshing cool of the evening breeze, whilst taking his simple repast of milk and vegetables. He received Fiezi with kindness, and after perusing the contents of Abdallah's packet, addressed our hero with a tenderness that touched his heart. "Welcome, young man," he said, "to my humble dwelling. This letter informs me you are an unhappy orphan; but cease to lament your destitute state, for never shall the unfortunate ask in vain, whilst Hendoun has any thing to bestow. From this hour I will be your father."

Fiezi endeavoured to express his thanks; but conscious of the deceit he was practising, his tongue faltered as he pronounced the words. His confusion was, however, unnoticed, and the sage continued.

"To be a bramin's child, and in distress, would be a sufficient claim upon my benevolence, without any other; but the high character you bring with you for virtue and integrity, makes me rather receive you as a blessing sent from heaven to comfort my old age. Nay, do not



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blush at receiving these praises," continued the old man, now first observing Fiezi's confusion ; " but blush when you cease to deserve them. " Now sit down, my son. You are tired, and require some refreshment after the fatigue of your long journey : to-morrow we will converse together."

Fiezi's gentle manners, and the unaffected goodness of his disposition, soon succeeded in winning the confidence of the unsuspecting bramin, who made him his constant companion, and treated him with the kindness of a parent. To such generous goodness our hero could not remain insensible ; and the more strongly he felt it, the more miserable he became. Every expression of tenderness which Hendoun addressed to him, sent a pang to his heart, and seemed to reproach him for the treacherous part he was acting ; and he found, by bitter experience, that a life of deceit is a life of misery. He regretted, when too late, he had ever been induced to come to Benares ; but now that he was there, and had engaged in the dangerous enterprise, how could he go back ? Could he bear to be reproached with cowardice and ingratitude ? Might he not even be put to a cruel death, if he returned without finishing the undertaking ? These thoughts would

sometimes oppress him too much to be controlled, and he often retired from the presence of Hendoun, to give vent to his grief in a flood of tears. This anxiety of mind at length affected his health: his appetite failed; he became silent and thoughtful, and lost the open, cheerful countenance which he once possessed, and which shows a mind at ease. The benevolent bramin observed the change, and redoubled his kindness. But it was in vain, for his tenderness seemed rather to increase than lessen the pain he sought to relieve.

One evening, as the declining sun sunk behind a grove of lofty palm-trees, and Hendoun and Fiezi were reposing in their shade, after the heat of a sultry day, the former, breaking a long silence, thus addressed his young companion: "My son, you have now dwelt five moons beneath my roof, during which time your gentle disposition has won my affection, and brought comfort to my declining age. My only wish now is to see you happy; but this consolation you deny me, while some secret grief destroys your health and peace. I have long watched over you in silence, hoping, as you knew me better, you would confide in my bosom the sorrow which preys upon your mind. Believe me, Fiezi, you would find me no harsh monitor."

To this appeal Fiezi only replied by bursting

into tears; and, after a pause, Hendoun thus continued:

“Why these tears, my son? Think not I mean to reproach you; on the contrary, I wish to give you comfort, and it is for that purpose I now speak. You have often expressed a desire to learn the language in which our sacred books are written, that you might understand the mysteries of our faith: to-morrow, the elder bramins will meet, to select a few of the most deserving of our youths, who are to devote themselves more particularly to the service of Brama, and will be fully initiated into the doctrines of our sacred religion. Now, therefore, your desire shall be gratified, for I intend you to be admitted amongst the number. The habit of obedience, and the love of truth, are the virtues which merit this high reward; and these, I am sure, you possess. Do you not? Nay, turn not away from me, my son: believe me, I do not ask the question because I doubt your integrity, but to show you the confidence I repose in you. You have obtained the object of your wishes: may it bring you peace and happiness!”

Tears, and a few broken sentences, was the only answer the wretched Fiezi could make to this fresh proof of the good bramin's kindness; but when he found himself alone in his cham-

ber, he gave vent to his grief in bitter lamentations. Regret was, however, useless, as it was now too late to remedy the past; and it only remained for him to resolve upon his future conduct. He knew that he was wrong in coming to Benares under a false character; but, at present, the bramins had received no harm from his deception. If, however, he suffered himself to be led on further in guilt; if he learned the Sanscrit tongue, and acquired the dangerous knowledge offered by the unsuspecting Hendoun; torture might wring the secret from him, or gratitude to his benefactor induce him to betray it. There remained, therefore, but one course for him to take, which was, to return to Delhi immediately; and this, whatever might be the consequence to himself, he at length resolved to do.

It was not until Fiezi had passed many hours in bitter reflections on the past, that he could summon fortitude to brave the resentment of Abdallah, and resign the brilliant prospects which the successful completion of his enterprise would have opened to his view; but, when his resolution was once taken, he prepared to put it in execution that very night. Accordingly, collecting his little stock of clothes into a bundle, he softly unfastened the door of his chamber, and stole, with light and cautious

steps, into the apartment of the venerable bra-min. Hendoun was asleep, and looking so mild and placid, that Fiezi shuddered at the thought of injuring him. "No, good old man, I will never betray your grey hairs to shame and sorrow," he muttered to himself, as he bent over the bed: "I have done wrong, very wrong, in coming here; but I have bitterly repented it, and now I am going to make the only reparation in my power, by quitting you. Yet you will perhaps think me ungrateful, for leaving you so abruptly." He looked round, and perceived some tablets lying upon the table: taking up a pencil which was by them, he wrote the following words with a trembling hand:

"Father, I must leave you. I cannot explain why I depart, nor whither I am going; but, strange as it must appear, it is my gratitude to you which tears me away. Forgive me, father, all the uneasiness I have cost you. Think of me as of one who is no more, for you will never again see

"FIEZI."

Having finished writing these words, and taken a last look of his venerable instructor, he slowly and sorrowfully turned his steps from

the peaceful abode of Hendoun, and commenced his journey back to the capital.

The route from Benares to Delhi is long and tedious; but it now appeared short to Fiezi, as he looked forward with dread to its termination, as the commencement of his sufferings. When, at length, the city came in view, his heart sunk within him: his trembling limbs refused their office, and it was with difficulty he could proceed. Conquering his fears, however, by a strong effort, he entered the house, and was soon within the well-known palace of Abdallah.

Being recognized by the attendants, his demand to be admitted to the favourite was instantly complied with, and in a few minutes he found himself alone with his benefactor.

Unable to utter a word, the trembling youth sunk down at his feet, without daring to raise his eyes. Astonished at his sudden appearance, Abdallah regarded him for some moments in silence: at length he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled surprise and displeasure: "Fiezi! why are you returned already?"

Fiezi was silent.

"Pale! disordered! ha! have you betrayed the secret?—No answer?" continued the alarmed favourite, after a pause, in which Fiezi vainly endeavoured to speak: "no answer?"

"Traitor, you have betrayed me!" and spurning the kneeling youth from him as he spoke, he sprung up, and paced the chamber with hasty strides.

Fiezi rose: "Traitor!" he repeated, "no, I am no traitor. If I were base enough to betray a secret committed to my trust, I should not have left Benares."

"Is the secret safe, then?" asked Abdallah, eagerly.

"It is," replied Fiezi; "but——"

"But what? Have you not obtained the knowledge for which you were sent?"

"No, prince: I am as ignorant of the contents of the sacred books as when I left you," answered Fiezi, firmly.

"Then why are you returned? Speak: tell me what has happened."

"Nothing has happened," replied Fiezi; "but I was treated with kindness by the old man you sent me to, and I cannot betray him. He received me as his son."

"Young man," interrupted Abdallah, sternly, "talk not to me of kindness, when this is the return you make for mine. *He* treated you with kindness, and did not *I*? Did I not bring you to this palace, when you had no roof to shelter you? Remember the night when I found you friendless and miserable in the streets

of this city, when death itself would have been a relief to your sufferings. Where would you now be, but for me? and this is my reward!"

"Spare me, oh spare me these reproaches!" cried Fiezi, in an agony of emotion: "I do not deserve them. Ungrateful! show me any other way than this to prove how grateful I am for your goodness, and see whether I should fail. Bid me undergo toil and hardship, bid me expose my life in an hundred forms, and I would obey you without a murmur, nay, with joy; but this wicked deed I cannot, I dare not do."

"Dare not?" said Abdallah, scornfully; "and why dare you not, if your courage is so unshaken?"

"Because," said Fiezi, firmly, "I have been taught to fear a Power greater even than thine, which commands me to speak the truth, and never deceive."

Stung with these words, the haughty favourite could no longer contain his resentment, but, uttering a torrent of reproaches, he endeavoured to terrify Fiezi, and force him to return to the bramins. It was all in vain: the youth remained firm to his purpose, and continued to refuse every offer, and brave every threat, which Abdallah held out to induce him to go back to Benares. At length, finding all his efforts of no avail, the incensed prince sum-

moned his slaves, and ordered them to convey Fiezi to the lowest dungeon in his palace.

The command was instantly executed: the slaves seized Fiezi, and rudely dragged him out of the apartment. Then, fastening a bandage over his eyes, they led him on, down several flights of steps, and through long and intricate passages, in which he heard the heavy grating of bolts and bars, as they were drawn out to let him pass; until, at length, they stopped, and uncovering his eyes, Fiezi saw he was in a low, vaulted dungeon, which contained only a little straw, and a heap of chains. With these the slaves quickly loaded their unhappy prisoner; and then securing the door after them, they retired.

Left to himself, Fiezi had ample time to reflect upon his situation. Death, or imprisonment for life, seemed most likely to be his fate; yet he felt less wretched than when at Benares: his conscience no longer reproached him for his treachery, and his mind was relieved from the load of remorse which had so long oppressed it. Now he could think with pleasure of the last words of his father; and even the idea that he might never see his parents again, was easier to bear than the reproaches of a guilty conscience.

Occupied with these sorrowful reflections,

the hours passed slowly away; and at night a slave brought Fiezi a little of the coarsest food. In the same manner, day after day rolled on, and Fiezi began to think that captivity for life was to be his punishment; when, one morning, at an unusual hour, the bolts of his prison were withdrawn, and two slaves entered, whom he knew, by their dress, to belong to the sultan's guard. They struck off his chains, and having blinded his eyes as before, led him along in silence, until he felt that he was once more breathing the fresh air. It was in vain that Fiezi endeavoured to learn where he was going: the slaves remained obstinately silent, and continued to lead him on, without offering any reply to his questions. At last, the sound of many voices reached his ears; and, in the next moment, the slaves uncovering his eyes, he found himself standing in the presence of the sultan.

Mahmoud was seated upon his throne, and attended by his chief favourite, Abdallah, who stood beside him: the rest of his court were at a distance sufficient to prevent their hearing what passed immediately near the sultan; while a number of slaves waited at the lower end of the hall, ready to execute, without delay, the commands of their despotic master.

The astonishment of Fiezi, at finding himself

in such a presence, can be more easily imagined than described: he stood for awhile motionless with terror; and some minutes elapsed, before he recovered sufficient recollection to prostrate himself at the foot of the sultan's throne.

Mahmoud sternly commanded him to rise; then addressing him in a severe tone: "Is it true, young man," he said, "that you have dared to disobey my orders, and have returned from Benares without performing your mission?"

Overcome with fear, Fiezi hesitated for a moment what to reply; but soon collecting his scattered thoughts, he answered firmly: "Pardon, O mighty sultan! an unhappy youth, who has indeed dared to disobey an unjust command. Filled with gratitude towards my benefactor, I promised to deceive the bramins, and afterwards betray their confidence; but I soon repented of my weakness, for my heart told me that not even the motive of gratitude can justify a crime, and I determined to return."

"Rash youth!" exclaimed the sultan, "and what do you expect will be the punishment of your disobedience."

"I have been taught, Sire," returned Fiezi, "that I ought to do my duty without regarding the consequences."

"But do you not fear death or torture?"

continued the sultan, fixing his eyes upon Fiezi as if to penetrate his inmost thoughts.

"I fear my sovereign's displeasure more than any earthly evil," returned the youth; "but there is a still higher Power, which I fear more."

The sultan here whispered a few words to his favourite, who, advancing towards Fiezi, and taking his hand with the kindness he had been accustomed to show him in happier days, said, in a low voice:

"Fiezi, the sultan pities your youth, and is willing I should make one more effort to conquer this obstinacy. Once more, then, I offer you your choice. Will you return to Benares? In that case, your utmost wishes shall be more than gratified: wealth, honours, nay, a kingdom is not too great a reward for the generosity of Mahmoud to bestow. But beware how you reject this last proposal; for remember," he continued, in a tone that made Fiezi tremble, "torture will be inflicted."

A thick cloud came over the wretched youth, as he leaned against a pillar for support. Abdallah thought he had conquered, and hastened to add, "Remember too, Fiezi, you have a father."

"A father!" repeated Fiezi, scarcely conscious of what he said: then suddenly changing

his tone and manner, he exclaimed, "Yes, I have a father, and I well remember his last command when he gave me his parting blessing: 'My son,' he said, 'fear not death so much as falsehood.' And I will obey you, my father," continued Fiezi, in a voice of strong emotion, and clasping his hands together as he spoke: "I will obey you, whatever may be the consequence." Then, turning to the sultan, he said in a firm tone, "Sire, I cannot deceive the bramins. I cannot return to Benares!"

"Nor do I wish you, noble youth," exclaimed the sultan, suddenly changing his manner, and throwing off his assumed severity: "nor do I wish you to return." Then rising, and addressing the astonished Abdallah, he added, "The virtuous integrity of this youth makes me blush for ever having formed such a design."

"Will the mighty Mahmoud give up a plan which he has for years been endeavouring to execute?" asked the amazed favourite.

"Yes," returned the sultan, "I relinquish an enterprise I now feel I ought never to have undertaken. If I cannot obtain my object by better means, I will not stoop to gain it by an unworthy artifice. As for you, brave youth," continued the sultan, turning to Fiezi, "you, who nobly refused my favour when offered as

the reward of guilt, receive it now as the recompense of virtue: your fortune shall henceforth be my care."

From this time Fiezi resided at the court of the sultan Mahmoud, who provided for his education; and, when that was completed, employed him in various offices of trust and importance, from which he gradually rose to the highest honours of the state. His parents were brought to Delhi, that they might witness the happiness of their son, who always acknowledged, with pride, that he owed his prosperity to the lessons of virtue he had received from them in early youth.

Wealth and greatness produced no change in Fiezi, who preserved his integrity amidst the corruptions of a court. He had many opportunities of returning the kindness of Abdallah; and lived to an advanced age, beloved by his friends, and honoured by his sovereign.

The sultan was one day asked why he had raised an unknown youth to such high distinction as to have him constantly near his person. He replied, "Because I can depend upon his sincerity; for I know that he fears not death so much as falsehood."

HISTORIC SCENES.

No. I.

FATHER. HENRY. CHARLES. MARY.

FATHER. Well, children, have you all behaved well to-day? Can we have a game of play together?

MARY. Oh yes, papa, we have all been very good; so pray sit down, and let us begin.

FATHER. But what do you say, boys? Have you been very diligent this morning?

CHARLES. Why, Sir, our tutor found no particular fault with us; so, I suppose, we may follow Mary's example, and say we have all been very good.

FATHER. Well, then, what game shall we choose for to-night?

HENRY. We all like acting Historic Scenes the best; but really, it is so cold to-night, that I fancy we shall not much enjoy shivering in the hall, whilst we fix our parts.

MARY. Pray let us have some game we can play at round the fire. How I wish we could

play at Historic Scenes sitting still! I do so like guessing what they are.

FATHER. If the guessing part is all you want, Mary, without any acting, I think we might manage it, as you say, "sitting still."

MARY. Dear papa, how can that be?

FATHER. One of the party must describe exactly some scene in history, and the rest guess what it is. Each person may have three guesses, but must pay a forfeit for every wrong one he makes.

HENRY. But suppose, Sir, the person who describes the scene should make a mistake: must not he pay a forfeit too?

FATHER. Certainly, one for every error he makes. For instance, if, in describing Richard the First setting out for the Crusades, instead of giving him for his weapon a trusty battle-axe, he should arm him with a musket, he must, without doubt, pay a forfeit.

CHARLES. Yes, because the use of gunpowder was not generally known until a long time after he was dead, in the reign of Edward the Third.

FATHER. Right: therefore Richard could not possibly have any fire-arms. Now do you understand how to play?

CHILDREN. Yes, quite, papa. Will you please to give us a scene?

FATHER. Imagine, then, a spacious tent, above which waves a banner, bearing for its emblem a lion rampant.

HENRY. That is the standard of England.

FATHER. Seated before a table in the middle of the tent, is a person richly robed in purple, who is in the act of signing a large written sheet of parchment, which lies on the table. The tent is filled with armed warriors, who stand round with their heads uncovered; and in the back-ground is seen a camp, with soldiers drawn up in order of battle. Now guess what circumstance in history I have described.

HENRY. It is King John, signing Magna Charta at Runnemedede.

FATHER. It is so.

MARY. But, papa, did not you say the nobles were armed? I thought people were never allowed to wear arms in the presence of their king.

FATHER. They are not generally, except for the sake of fashion, as in a court-dress, of which, you know, a sword is sometimes a necessary appendage; but, in the case before us, the barons were at open war with their king, and would not submit to his authority, unless he would grant them a charter; that is, unless he would agree to certain laws, by which his

hitherto arbitrary power should be kept within due bounds. Under these circumstances, you must not expect the rules of etiquette or politeness to be very strictly attended to.

CHARLES. I thought, Sir, the barons came armed, for fear of treachery.

FATHER. They did; for John was so devoid of honour, and had so often broken his word, that they justly feared he would betray them, if he could.

HENRY. Was not John a very wicked, as well as a very weak man.

FATHER. He was one of the worst princes that ever sat upon the English throne. Although the darling child of his father, Henry the Second, he engaged in a rebellion against him, which caused his aged father to die of grief. The kindness and generosity of his brother, Richard the First, he returned by endeavouring to seize the crown whilst he was gone to the Crusades; and it is generally supposed that he murdered his nephew, prince Arthur, the rightful heir to the throne. And then, when he did reign, his tyranny and imbecility filled the country with bloodshed and civil war.

CHARLES. We, however, have reason to rejoice at his obtaining the crown; since to that we owe the commencement of our glorious constitution.

FATHER. We have, indeed, reason to rejoice in being under the care of a wise Providence, which causes even the crimes and follies of mankind to produce good in the end; and to observe this in the events of past ages, is one of the chief uses of studying history.

HENRY. May I repeat some lines which I learnt, in order to remember the character of John's reign?

FATHER. Yes, I shall be glad to hear them.

HENRY. They are these:

“ John was ungrateful, cruel, and weak,
His barons rebell'd, and the pope, in a freak,
Gave old England to Philip of France;
But good from evil does often proceed,
So Magna Charta at Runnemedede,
We owe to this king's mischance.”

FATHER. We will not say much in praise of the poetry; but your lines give a true picture of John's reign, and I suppose that was the purpose for which they were written. But it is nine o'clock, and we must finish our game for to-night.

MARY. Dear! I did not think it was so late. But we may play at it again to-morrow night. May we not, papa?”

FATHER. It will be time enough to settle that when to-morrow comes. Meanwhile, good-night to you all.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MRS. DAVY AND MARY.

MARY, (putting down her slate with a despairing look.) Then, indeed, mamma, I *cannot* do this tiresome sum.

MRS. D. Why not, Mary?

MARY. Because, mamma, it is very difficult.

MRS. D. What do you mean by being difficult, my dear? Do not you understand the rule by which it should be worked?

MARY. Yes, mamma, I understand the rule by which it should be done; but it will not come right. Why do you smile, mamma?

MRS. D. At your saying the *sum will not* come right, my dear. Do the figures set themselves down?

MARY, (laughing.) No, I set them down, certainly. But I mean, mamma, I cannot make the answer come right; for it is in reduction, and reduction, you know, is so puzzling. And then, here are guineas! and these guineas I am

to bring into sixpences, ma'am, sixpences! Only think, how puzzling, guineas into sixpences!

MRS. D. Gently, my dear, do not run on quite so fast; but let us consider your different reasons one by one. First, then, you say you cannot do your sum, because it is in reduction. Have you never done any sums in reduction before?

MARY. Oh yes, mamma. Let me see, I have done one, two, three, four, five, and then these three make eight. I have done eight sums in reduction.

MRS. D. Then it cannot be because your sum is in reduction, as you have worked eight sums in the rule before. Now for your second reason, Mary.

MARY. Because they are guineas; and you know, mamma, guineas are not the same as pounds. I do not mind pounds.

MRS. D. (smiling.) Certainly, Mary, guineas are not pounds; but cannot you bring guineas into shillings?

MARY. Yes, by multiplying them by twenty-one, because twenty-one shillings make a guinea.

MRS. D. Then what is the difference between bringing guineas or pounds into shillings, Mary?

MARY. I multiply one by twenty, the other by twenty-one.

Mrs. D. And is it so much more difficult to multiply by twenty-one than twenty, Mary?

MARY. But, mamma, it must be brought into sixpences, not into pence, as usual.

Mrs. D. Very well, Mary; but do not confuse yourself by thinking of two things at once. You have done with guineas now. When you have multiplied by twenty-one, you have no longer guineas; but what have you?

MARY. Shillings, mamma.

Mrs. D. And you want to bring these shillings into sixpences. Have you not done that before?

MARY. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. D. And how did you work it?

MARY. There are two sixpences in a shilling; so I multiply by two.

Mrs. D. And if you had wanted pence, instead of sixpences, what should you have multiplied by?

MARY. By twelve, because twelve pence make a shilling.

Mrs. D. And is it more difficult to multiply by two than by twelve, Mary?

MARY. No, mamma, it is easier.

Mrs. D. Then where is the difficulty, my dear, in doing the sum?

MARY. I don't know, mamma. I see it all

now; and, if you please, I will take my slate, and do my sum over again.

MRS. D. Do, my dear.

(Mary takes her slate, rubs out all her figures, and works her sum over again. In a little time she brings it up to her mamma.)

MRS. D. (After looking at it.) It is right. And now, Mary, can you tell me why you could not do this sum before? I see nothing very difficult in it.

MARY. No, mamma, nothing very difficult, taking it bit by bit, and now I understand it. But it was very difficult altogether. Don't you think it was, for a little girl like me, I mean?

MRS. D. No, really, Mary, I do not. But I can tell you why you thought it difficult.

MARY. Can you, mamma?

MRS. D. Yes. You did not think, before you began, what it was you wanted to do: you did not think it over bit by bit, as you call it; but set down your figures from a confused idea that they were the right ones, without stopping to consider *why* you made use of them.

MARY. I understand you, mamma. I ought to have said to myself, "These are guineas, and I must bring them into shillings. How many shillings make a guinea?" Instead of which, I went on first multiplying and then dividing by guess, hoping, every time, it would

come right, without knowing exactly how or why it should.

Mrs. D. That is to say, you did not *think* before you acted. If you had, you see how much trouble you would have saved yourself.

MARY. But then it is such hard work to think, when one is not in the humour.

Mrs. D. Then, my dear, I would advise you never to attempt doing a sum, or any thing else, except when you are in the humour; otherwise, it is only waste of time.

MARY. But, mamma, you know I must do my lessons at the proper time: I cannot alter that.

Mrs. D. True: I can only attend to you at certain hours of the day; therefore, unless you do your lessons then, they must go undone.

MARY. Then what must I do, mamma?

Mrs. D. Why, the only way seems to be, that my little girl must force herself to think, when she knows it to be necessary, and not give way to idleness.

MARY. Idleness! Oh, mamma, am I idle?

Mrs. D. Yes, when you waste an hour about a thing which might be done in ten minutes.

MARY. But you know, mamma, I was trying to make it out all the time.

MRS. D. Were you trying with your head, or your fingers, Mary?

MARY, (laughing.) Why, I suppose, mamma, you will say, with my fingers.

MRS. D. And which, do you think, would have given you the least trouble in the end? to have roused yourself at first, fixed your attention steadily to your sum, asked yourself the questions which I asked you, (every one of which you answered without my assistance,) and have worked hard for a short time, and then gone to play, satisfied with having exerted yourself;—or, to sit for an hour, with your slate before you, first rubbing out one figure, and then another, not liking to work, and yet unable to go to play: which of these, do you think, is the best way of acting?

MARY. The first, of course, mamma; and to-morrow, I will try to think before I put down a single figure.

MRS. D. Do so, my love: you will find it the wisest way; and not only in sums, but in every thing else. One person, who thinks before he acts, will accomplish as much as twenty who do not, and more. But now put away your slate, and get on your bonnet, as I am going out to walk, and intend that you should accompany me.

MARY. Thank you, mamma. I hope I shall enjoy a walk ; though, I don't know why, but I feel very tired this morning.

MRS. D. I dare say you do, my dear: it is a common complaint with people who have been poring over any thing for a long time, without exerting their faculties. But fresh air and bodily exertion are the best remedies; and, by the time you have taken one run round the garden, your listlessness will go off.

MARY, (yawning.) I hope it will, for it is very disagreeable. Now, mamma, I am quite ready.

Mrs. D. Come then, we will go.

SUCCESS.

As Mr. Davy was one morning sitting alone in his study, he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of his two sons. Their countenances plainly showed something was the matter; and, on being questioned, the following dialogue took place.

JAMES. Oh, Sir, we have heard such bad news!

MR. D. What is it? You alarm me.

FRANK. Oakwood Hall is to be let, and the Comptons are going to live in London.

MR. D. I am glad you have heard nothing worse.

JAMES. Are you not sorry, father, we are to lose such good neighbours?

MR. D. Yes, very sorry. Mr. Compton is a man I greatly respect, and his family resemble him.

FRANK. I am sure we shall all miss them, especially when such people as the Crofts are coming instead.

MR. D. Do not speak of Mr. Croft's family, my boy, in that manner; though I allow they

will probably not be such agreeable companions as those you are losing. Young persons, and, indeed, every body, should guard against speaking of others with contempt, be they what they may.

JAMES. I am sorry for Mr. Compton, to think of his being obliged to leave that delightful house, and those beautiful grounds he has taken such pleasure in laying out. Do not you pity him, Sir?

MR. D. No: on the contrary, I admire him.

JAMES. Sir!

MR. D. I admire the greatness of mind, which leads him to give up Oakwood Hall for the present.

FRANK. I thought, Sir, he only left it from economical motives.

MR. D. That is true; and yet Mr. Compton has not met with any losses, but is as rich now as formerly.

JAMES. Indeed! Then what can induce him to give up such a charming place?

MR. D. Christian benevolence.

JAMES. What do you mean, father?

MR. D. I will tell you. Mr. Compton was early left an orphan, to the care of his father's intimate friend, Mr. Beaumont. This good man treated him as his son, watched over his educa-

tion, and instilled into his mind those principles of virtue to which Mr. Compton justly considers he owes all the happiness he has since enjoyed. This gentleman had an only son, who, unfortunately, was of a very different disposition from his father. He was headstrong, and had violent passions, which neither kindness nor reproof could teach him to subdue. After causing great uneasiness to his parents, young Beaumont at length entered the army, in opposition to their will, and left England. Mr. Beaumont died shortly after this blow, as was supposed, of a broken heart, though his last words were a blessing on his disobedient child. Before his death he sent for Mr. Compton, and begged him, should young Beaumont fall into distress, as was likely to happen from his character, to remember that he was the son of his father's friend, and be kind to him for his sake. This request Mr. Compton never forgot. But his efforts to reclaim young Beaumont were fruitless, and for some years nearly all communication between them had ceased; when, a few months ago, the newspaper gave an account of Mr. Beaumont being killed in a duel abroad, leaving a wife and four children in distress. After ascertaining the truth of the report, Mr. Compton lost no time in going in search of the unfortunate family. He found them in the

greatest misery, and in daily dread of being arrested for the debts Mr. Beaumont had contracted before his death. These, as far as the claims were just, Mr. Compton immediately discharged, and brought the widow and her children back with him to Oakwood Hall. The rest you know.

JAMES. You mean the death of Mrs. Beaumont. Then it is for the sake of the young Beaumonts that Mr. Compton is retrenching his expenses?

MR. D. Yes. Mr. Compton has resolved to bestow upon the grand-children of his revered friend, an education which shall enable them to live respected and happy. But as he has a large family himself, whose future welfare he must provide for, he has nobly determined, with the concurrence of his amiable wife, to lessen his own expenses for a time; well knowing that the education of his children will be conducted as well, perhaps better, without a large establishment. It is in pursuance of this generous plan, that Mr. Compton leaves Oakwood Hall for the present, and goes to live in London. Now, my boys, you see why I do not pity Mr. Compton. The feelings of such a man are rather to be desired than pitied.

FRANK. Surely this is true greatness.

MR. D. It is, indeed; the greatness of a Christian.

JAMES. Father, this account makes me think again of something that has often puzzled me.

MR. D. And what is that?

JAMES. Why virtuous men, who do so much good with their money, are often poorer than bad men, who care for none but themselves?

MR. D. The surprise you feel is natural, but caused by an erroneous view of human life. When you are older, you will better understand the subject; however, I will try to explain it, in part.

JAMES. Thank you, Sir.

FRANK. And I shall be glad to listen, for the same thing has struck me.

MR. D. First, let me ask you, are riches absolutely necessary to render a man happy?

JAMES. Certainly not.

MR. D. And if they were, do we live in the world only for the sake of enjoyment?

JAMES. No; we live here for the sake of obtaining happiness hereafter.

MR. D. Then it is no positive hardship for a man not to be rich, since it is not necessary to his happiness; nor, if it were, is happiness here the chief object he seeks. Now we come to the next question: why we meet with rich bad men, and poor good men, *sometimes*; for

be careful not to divide the world into two classes, and esteem all rich men bad, for that is a vulgar prejudice.

JAMES. Of course, father, we know the poor may be as wicked as the rich, and the contrary; but still we often see money gained by very dishonest means.

MR. D. Not often: in general the old proverb proves true, that "honesty is the best policy;" however, for the sake of argument, we will allow that it is so. Now, how do you suppose wealth is gained? By accident, or the use of means, such as labour, attention to economy, or, if you please, dishonesty?

JAMES. Any body may be rich, I suppose; for people say Mr. Croft, who is coming to Oakwood, is the son of a common blacksmith, and began the world without a farthing; and he is not said to be particularly clever.

MR. D. But, nevertheless, he has acquired a large fortune.

JAMES. Yes; but though he has got it, he does not know how to spend it: he is a complete miser.

FRANK. And has no taste for literature. They say he never reads, except in the newspapers, to see the price of stocks.

MR. D. And yet, there is no doubt he

might have acquired knowledge, if he had wished it.

JAMES. But he spent all the day in his counting-house, and had no time for reading.

MR. D. That is to say, he took the best means to acquire riches, but not learning; therefore, riches he has gained, but has not an enlarged mind.

FRANK. Then he is so covetous.

MR. D. If you were to hold your little finger bent for forty years, do you suppose, at the end of that time you would use it like the rest?

FRANK. I am afraid I could not open it, much less use it.

MR. D. And yet you are surprised that a man who has all his life been trying to save every shilling, should not at once quit his old habits, and become generous. Strict economy is one of the means of acquiring wealth; and those who have long practised it, will, from habit, continue to do so, when no longer necessary.

JAMES. But surely, father, you do not like such characters?

MR. D. I do not. But if I will not make the sacrifice necessary to obtain wealth, I must not murmur at not having it. Because I have not tried to gain riches, there is no reason why

others, who have, should not enjoy what they have earned.

FRANK. Then, it seems, people may gain whatever they strive for.

MR. D. Pretty nearly; but then, they must not try for two opposite things at once.

FRANK. It must be very difficult to choose well.

MR. D. The best rule for a good man, is to make virtue the sole end of his actions; and then seek for such a moderate share of the comforts and enjoyments of life as best suits his peculiar disposition.

FRANK. I am afraid there are very few who follow this rule in real life.

MR. D. But there are some men, who use the wealth acquired by honourable industry to relieve the wants of the poor and friendless; and others, who devote their talents to the improvement of the ignorant. These characters are, I own, rare; but this reminds me of the history of three brothers, which I will read to you after tea. Go now, and finish your walk.

The following is the story Mr. Davy read to his children in the evening.

"Whatever men wish to be, men may be," was the favourite maxim of old counsellor Do-well. "Boys," he would often say to his

three sons, "you must carve out your own fortunes. If you want to be rich, toil on with hard industry, and think of nothing but how to get money, and you will be rich: if you wish to be learned, study day and night: if ambition is your strongest passion, keep your mind steadily fixed upon the end you have in view: if you desire to be eminently good, make virtue the sole aim of all your thoughts and actions; and, with the blessing of Heaven, you will be virtuous. In fact, my children, provided you always strive after an object, whatever you wish to be, you may be."

Thus did old Do-well instruct his sons; but, before they were old enough to enter the world, he was carried off by the gout. Firm, however, to his maxim, he left particular directions to his executor, to consult the inclinations of his children in settling them in the world; and to take care that their mode of life was entirely their own choice. His fortune was equally divided amongst them; and enough fell to the share of each to enable him to live in comfort, though not in affluence.

As soon as the affairs of the late counsellor were settled, Mr. Trust, the executor, sent for the three brothers; and, agreeably to the instructions in the will, desired each of them to state the way of life he preferred.

Wiseman, the eldest son, wished to receive a classical education, and to study at the university. It was his ambition to be celebrated for his learning, "that his name," he said, "might descend to posterity."

Moneyworth, the second son, was resolved to be rich. He knew, he said, that he must give up many pleasures, and often sacrifice his feelings to his interest. But it was no matter, if he grew rich; for, he was certain, that a man worth a plum* must be happy.

Worthy hesitated for some time when it came to his turn to speak; and, at length, on being pressed to declare his sentiments, he said, that he did not much care what kind of life he led, provided it was a good one.

"Perhaps," observed the executor, "you would prefer not engaging in any pursuit, but like to live quietly on the fortune your father has left you?"

"By no means," replied Worthy; "for idleness is the root of all evil. And I desire to do my duty in this world, that I may be prepared for a better."

Having thus learned the wishes of his wards, Mr. Trust acted accordingly. He sent Wiseman to college, where there was the prospect

* A cant term for an hundred thousand pounds sterling.

of a fellowship, if he distinguished himself. Moneyworth was placed with a rich broker, who was noted as a capital driver of a bargain, and had never been known to waste a penny. It was more difficult to dispose of Worthy, as he positively refused several lucrative employments which were proposed to him, either because they would engross his whole time, or because they would have required him to do some things which his conscience disapproved. He at length determined that he should have the greatest chance of happiness by taking a small farm, which would furnish him with a healthy occupation, and yet leave him time for other duties, which he deemed more important. As it was necessary that he should first learn something of farming, of which he was entirely ignorant, his father having generally resided in London, Mr. Trust placed him with a highly respectable farmer, who was willing to receive him; and Worthy considered himself fortunate, when he found that, besides being an excellent manager of his land, his master was strictly honest, and had a very benevolent heart. With this excellent man, Worthy's time passed happily away, until, having acquired a sufficient knowledge of agriculture, Mr. Trust purchased for him a small farm in a pleasant neighbourhood, where we shall leave him for the present,

to enquire what his brothers have been doing in the mean time.

Wiseman fagged night and day at college, scarcely leaving his rooms but to attend the lectures of the professors; and by this uncommon diligence he obtained the honours of a very good degree. He was soon looked upon as a man of rising talent, and had the gratification of perceiving that something great was expected from him. Animated by success, he pursued his studies with still greater ardour, and made a rapid progress in the different sciences. But whilst his mind was thus acquiring knowledge, he suffered his heart to grow corrupt; for he did not pursue learning from a proper motive. The love of fame was his ruling passion; so that he paid more attention to the turning of a sentence elegantly, than to the regulation of his own mind. Thus he acquired learning, but not wisdom; and it is not surprising, therefore, that with all his talents he became fretful and unhappy. As, however, his faults were not of a kind to be noticed by the world at large, he had, at least, the pleasure of being thought happy by his acquaintance, although he did not himself feel so. For a long time he refrained from appearing before the public as an author, lest he should commit some juvenile error injurious to

his future reputation; but, at length, feeling himself sufficiently qualified, he published a work, which he had the satisfaction of seeing extolled by the best judges. Their opinion decided that of his less learned readers; and Wiseman at once found himself admired and caressed by all his acquaintance. For a short time he enjoyed the praises he received, and congratulated himself on the mode of life he had chosen; but soon some base minds were prompted by envy to attack him with violent censure and ill-natured criticism. This wounded him in the tenderest part, for he had not that true greatness of mind which enables a man to disregard unmerited censure; so that these repeated attacks upon his reputation as an author, made him quite miserable. Far, however, from discovering that his own ill-regulated feelings were the cause of his unhappiness, he only endeavoured to silence his enemies by a further display of his abilities. His works were again admired, and again attacked; and he experienced as much chagrin as ever. In the midst of these pursuits, a fellowship in his college becoming vacant, his vanity was flattered by its being presented to him, in preference to several other students. Some foreign universities, also, conferred degrees upon him; so that, in point of literary

honour, he might be said to have obtained his object ; and he could not help sometimes reflecting, with surprise, that it had not brought with it the happiness he had expected. His exertions, if directed to the cultivation of his virtuous affections, and the good of his fellow-creatures, would undoubtedly have succeeded better.

To return now to the history of Moneyworth. The broker with whom he resided had amassed a large fortune from a very small beginning; and this was his only recommendation. He was a man of a mean and sordid mind, destitute of every generous feeling, and whose only happiness consisted in adding guinea to guinea. It required all Moneyworth's love of riches to enable him to bear the many privations to which he was subjected by such a master, who cared little for his feelings, either of body or mind. He was required to rise early and sit up late; to toil on steadily all day, without expecting any leisure for amusement; and to be contented with the mere necessities of life. But this was not the worst. As his master never relinquished any claim the law allowed, from motives of pity or humanity, Moneyworth was sometimes called upon to witness scenes which would have disgusted most young men with the way of life he had chosen. The following cir-

cumstance, which happened soon after he was settled with the broker, will serve as an example.

A young man, of good education and amiable manners, who had by his own exertions established himself respectably in trade, became involved in difficulties, owing to the failure of a mercantile house with which he was connected. The broker being a relation, the young man borrowed of him a sum of money sufficient to remove his present embarrassment; feeling secure of being speedily able to repay it with interest, which he knew would be rigorously exacted. He had nearly collected the necessary sum, when another misfortune completed his ruin. A clerk whom he had taken into his employment, and of whom he had received a very high character from a respectable house, contrived to obtain possession of all the money he had been saving up to pay the debt due to the broker, together with such valuables as could be easily removed, and escaped with the booty. All this the broker knew, but would not wait a day beyond the time fixed by law. The unfortunate young man had no friend able to assist him: he was arrested, and his goods sold by auction. The broker obtained his money; but the young man, unable to struggle

against the fear of disgrace and the hardships of his situation, died.

Moneyworth could scarcely conquer his feelings of pity and indignation at witnessing such hard-hearted cruelty ; but aware that, if he preserved his humanity, he should not acquire riches so speedily as he wished, he thought it most prudent to turn his attention to some other subject, and no longer harass his mind with thinking of misfortunes which he persuaded himself he had no power to relieve. Thus his heart became gradually hardened and selfish, to a degree that he would, at first, have contemplated with horror. But self-examination was not one of his employments, his time being fully occupied with gaining riches ; and in this he succeeded. When his engagement with the broker was expired, he proved that his time had not been spent in vain ; for, assisted by the parsimonious habits he had acquired under his care, he gradually obtained a large fortune. But the disposition which would have enjoyed this fortune was now gone. The pleasures of benevolence were unknown to him ; and even those gratifications which are generally called selfish, were poisoned by regret for the money they must necessarily cost. To an enlightened observer he proved the truth of the maxim, that too violent a pursuit after riches defeats

its own end, by destroying the power of enjoying the happiness which it was their original object to obtain.

Before Moneyworth's character, however, became thus fixed, an uncle, who had been residing abroad, returned to England; and, having purchased a fine estate near one of the beautiful lakes in Cumberland, he sent to invite his three nephews to come and see him. They all accepted the invitation, but from widely different motives. Wiseman went to display his talents, and gratify his taste by visiting the romantic scenery in his uncle's neighbourhood. Moneyworth hoped to please his relation, and persuade him to leave him sole heir of his immense wealth. Worthy, alone, had no selfish end in view; but went solely from the wish to show respect to his uncle.

The kind-hearted old man gave each of his nephews a cordial reception, and then began to study their different characters.

The selfishness which induced Moneyworth to enrich himself at the expense of every body else, soon showed itself. "He is fit to gain wealth, but not to enjoy it," said the old gentleman to himself; and he turned his attention to his eldest nephew.

Wiseman pleased him by the variety of his

knowledge, and the fine turns of thought he displayed upon every occasion; as well as by a certain dignity of manner, which generally accompanies a cultivated mind. The high reputation, also, which his nephew enjoyed, gratified his family pride; but he could not help sometimes perceiving that, when not animated by the desire of displaying his talents, Wiseman often looked discontented and unhappy; and though he spoke fluently in praise of generosity and the forgiveness of injuries, he did not seem anxious to practise what he recommended, but frequently reviled his enemies as bitterly as though he had never heard of such virtues. The uncle admired Wiseman, but could not love him.

Worthy made no attempt to attract attention; but few could see him without being struck with his open, cheerful countenance. Free from care and anxiety, he appeared to enjoy the present hour; for his affectionate heart was delighted with meeting his brothers, whom he had not seen for a considerable time. Though he never attempted to shine, like Wiseman, he was evidently well-informed; and his knowledge was always ready when wanted. Thus, when disgusted with the meanness of Moneyworth, or repulsed by the fretfulness of Wiseman, the old gentleman found relief in the

society of his youngest nephew ; and the more he became acquainted with him, the more his esteem for his character increased. "I do not know what it is that makes me love Worthy," he would say to himself at the close of the day ; "but I cannot help respecting him." It was the charm of virtue the old man felt.

To vary their amusement, an excursion upon the lake was proposed, and readily agreed to. The scenery was beautiful ; and whilst they were returning home, the rays of the setting sun reflected upon the clear, smooth lake, and gilding the summits of the distant mountains, added considerably to its beauty. Worthy sat enjoying the scene, for a time, in silent rapture ; for his thoughts rose to Him who created the hills and the forests. Wiseman also derived exquisite pleasure from the excursion. His best talents were called forth while he spoke with enthusiasm of the beauties of nature, and delighted his hearers with the lively descriptions he gave of the scenery of other countries ; from the snowy Andes, towering above the clouds, to the sheltered valley or silent desert. As he was directing their attention to a wood glowing with the varied tints of autumn, Moneyworth interrupted him by a calculation of the probable value of the timber, if it could be conveyed to the London market.

"You surely would not cut down those beautiful trees," exclaimed his uncle, in contemptuous astonishment. But at this moment the thoughts of the whole party were diverted by a bustle amongst the boatmen, whose experience discerned a coming storm. A loud clap of thunder soon confirmed their apprehensions; but all their efforts to return immediately to the shore were unsuccessful. A violent and contrary wind arose; and the water suddenly rising in high waves, threatened to upset the boat; while the dark clouds, collecting on all sides, increased by their threatening aspect the terrors of the scene.

Moneyworth saw, in the idea of death, the loss of that wealth which he idolized; and, totally unprepared for such an event, he threw himself on his knees at the bottom of the boat, and offered larger and larger sums to the boatmen, if they would convey him in safety to the opposite shore. Wiseman sat with his hands clasped, anxiously watching the waves, and vainly endeavouring to hide his terror. Worthy alone was calm. Death could not deprive him of his greatest treasures, therefore his presence of mind did not forsake him; and he exerted himself to support his uncle and brothers, and to assist the boatmen.

As the storm increased, the boat became

unmanageable, and the men at length confessed that it was too heavily loaded for its size, and would certainly sink unless one of the party would attempt to swim to shore. The dismay of the two elder brothers at receiving this intimation may be easily imagined, and no one will expect from them the generous offer. Their uncle stood ready, but Worthy would not for an instant permit his life to be endangered. He listened attentively to the advice of the sailors ; then plunged into the lake, and by carefully following the instructions he had received, though not without the greatest difficulty, he reached the shore in safety ; and hastening immediately to the cottage of a fisherman, he sent him to the relief of the party.

It will not be necessary to describe the feelings of each individual upon this occasion ; nor will the reader, probably, be anxious to enquire further into the history of either Wiseman or Moneyworth.

When Worthy had remained some weeks with his uncle, he returned back to his farm, where he soon married the daughter of his former master ; to whom he had become attached whilst residing under her father's roof, and of whose character he had thus had the best opportunity of judging. She had a well-

cultivated mind, and was amiable and cheerful; and having been a good daughter, she now performed her duties well as a wife and mother.

Worthy had every requisite for making his home happy; and he acquired, without over anxiety, a sufficient property to settle all his children respectably in the world. When they prepared to enter the busy scenes of life, he gave them the same advice he had himself received; but added to it an earnest exhortation, to choose, with prudence and care, that path which would lead to the greatest happiness in the end.

This good man did not confine his benevolence to his own family. Many are the individuals who look up to him as the author of their present comfort and independence, by his having assisted them in the time of need, and placed within their reach the means of profitable exertion. Often has a small sum, judiciously bestowed, saved a whole family from ruin; and his advice, freely and benevolently given, was frequently as serviceable as a supply of money. Whatever he knew, he was willing to impart; and found so many ways of doing good, that he was considered as a blessing to the neighbourhood in which he resided. The comfort he bestowed upon others was reflected upon him-

self; so that, to be as happy as Mr. Worthy and his wife, became a sort of proverb. None can expect to pass through life entirely exempt from sorrow. But Worthy bore his troubles with so much patience, that it seemed to remove half their weight; and, as he did not destroy present enjoyment by anticipating future evil, his life appeared to have much more than the usual share of happiness.

We hope that our readers will not suppose, from what has been said in these pages, that we undervalue learning: far from it. Worthy, if an ignorant man, would have been a very inferior character from the one we have here intended to describe. We only wish to impress upon the youthful mind, that knowledge, like riches, should be pursued as the *means*, not the *end*; as the means of obtaining that true wisdom which leads to happiness here and hereafter.

EMULATION.

WILLIAM and Albert were one evening enjoying a pleasant walk with their father, when something being said about Scotland, William suddenly exclaimed:

“ Father, I am so delighted with the account I have been reading of Sir William Wallace, that I wish I could imitate my namesake. I think I love my country as much as he did: I could despise hunger and fatigue, or even death, in her cause. But,” he added in a melancholy tone, “ England is in such a flourishing condition, that I fear there will be no opportunity of putting my good intentions in practice.”

FATHER, (*smiling.*) I suppose you do not wish that England should be reduced to the deplorable condition in which Scotland was when Sir William Wallace lived, in order that you may have the pleasure of restoring her to some degree of prosperity.

WILLIAM. No, that would be selfish. But then, father, how shall I be able, when I am a man, to do good to a great many people?

FATHER. In the first place, you must take care, lest your desire to benefit the whole world, should make you neglect those whose happiness is really within your power. But you may depend upon it, my dear boy, if you grow up with your present disposition, and are willing to let your own advantage give way, on proper occasions, to that of others, there will be no want of opportunities in which you may exercise your benevolence: the principal quality required on your part, being a willingness to take the necessary trouble.

WILLIAM. I hope I shall never be either idle or selfish.

FATHER. I hope so too. But still, it is not always easy to give up our own ease and comfort for the sake of others.

WILLIAM. I wish I was to be a clergyman, then I would try to make people good;—or a surgeon, to be able to cure all the poor without being paid for it. If I were a lawyer, I would plead their cause when oppressed, and take care that justice was done to those who cannot afford the expense of law-suits; or, if I had a large estate, and lived as you do, father, surrounded by my tenantry, I would imitate you, and make them happy. They should all have a comfortable cottage and garden: I would walk round and visit them, send their children

to school, and give prizes to those who deserved them; then, if the women kept a neat, clean house, I would give them a good warm blanket in the winter.

ALBERT. And if the men managed their gardens well, you could supply them with seeds and roots, or give them some coals.

WILLIAM. Yes. But the misfortune is, I am not to be any of these, but a manufacturer; and my uncle says, these manufactories make the people wicked.

FATHER. That is a very heavy charge to bring against them; but if I thought vice to be a necessary consequence of trade, do you think, William, I should place you in business?

WILLIAM. No, father, certainly not: I might have thought of that before. But will you tell me, Sir, what I had better do when I have possession of that large manufactory, which you say is to be mine when I enter business?

FATHER. I hope to see my son grow up with such principles, as to be in no danger of forgetting that, to make a preparation for a better world, is of far more importance than the obtaining money in this. Keeping this motive constantly in view, will prevent your employing a bad man, though he should be a good workman. Nor will you be any loser by this; for it is found, *by experience*, that workmen will

generally become whatever their masters determine to make them.

WILLIAM. But how is that done, father?

FATHER. By steadily discouraging vice amongst them, and rewarding good conduct; and, above all, by constantly setting them an example of strict honesty in all your dealings, and propriety in your language. In the simple instance of swearing, it is surprising to see the difference there is in workmen who live under a master who uses bad language, and one who does not. By pursuing these means, you may depend upon gradually improving your men, until they become honest, sober, and industrious. Will not that satisfy you?

WILLIAM. I am delighted with the prospect! And really, I begin to think a master manufacturer may do as much good as a man brought up to any of the professions.

FATHER. I am sure of it; for I have myself seen a whole village reformed by one man, without violence, and solely by the force of kindness and example: by a gentleman, too, who was not himself rich.

WILLIAM. And was he beloved by his workmen?

FATHER. Yes, to a degree you would scarcely believe possible, unless I had time to relate the facts. And though this gentleman has now

retired from business more than twelve years, he is still looked up to by his former workmen, with affection and respect. They come to him for advice in all their troubles; and, if they are guilty of any misconduct, his disapprobation is almost as much feared now as when they worked under him.

ALBERT. But did this gentleman employ good workmen?

FATHER. So good, that, to have worked for him, was deemed a sufficient character; and his recommendation was so powerful, because it was known he would speak the exact truth. Of this I knew a remarkable instance. An artisan was wanted in one of the largest manufactories in this kingdom. As soon as it was known, numbers offered themselves; and amongst others a man came forward, who being asked, as usual, where he had lived, &c. mentioned several places without being much attended to. At length he said that, *five years before*, he had worked for Mr. ——. “Indeed!” said the superintendent of the manufactory: “then bring me a character from Mr. ——, and that will be sufficient.” The man returned the following day with a good character from this gentleman, and was instantly admitted.

WILLIAM. You have quite overcome my dislike to being a manufacturer, father. I shall

now look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall commence business, and have workmen whom I can improve and render happy.

FATHER. Only take care, my boy, that you act from right motives. You must not do good, even, solely because it is pleasant and delightful to be an object of esteem and affection to those around you, but because it is your duty to assist all within your power.

WILLIAM. Yes, father. And I chiefly admire Sir William Wallace, because he appears to have always acted from such good motives.

ALBERT. I wish I knew some great and good man of the name of Albert.

WILLIAM. You must be great and good yourself, Albert, and then you will be an example for others to follow.

FATHER. I recollect a story of an Albert, which I think will please you.

ALBERT. Will you be so good as to relate it, father?

FATHER. This Albert * was the only son of

* It is hoped that the author of this interesting anecdote will forgive its inseriion in these pages, as it has appeared in a work not likely to fall into the hands of young persons, for whom it is so well calculated. The story probably differs from the original in some particulars, as it is quoted from memory.

an English gentleman of distinction, who, at the time I am going to speak of, having finished his education at college, left England with a companion, in order to make the tour of Europe. After spending some time in France, they proceeded on into Germany, where Albert met with Frederic, a thoughtless young man, whom he had formerly known at college, and who agreed to join them. It was not long after this, that, passing through one of the smaller states of the empire, they met with the following adventure.

Being fond of walking, the travellers frequently proceeded many miles through the country on foot, without keeping in the direct road. One day, after wandering in this manner to a considerable distance, they found themselves in an unfrequented valley, surrounded by steep hills on all sides, excepting the narrow opening by which they had entered. Never had they beheld a spot so rugged and barren. At the furthest extremity of the valley, their attention was attracted by a large piece of machinery. The construction was new to them; and they were endeavouring to conjecture to what purpose it could be applied, when Frederic observed a catch, which prevented the moving of a large wheel. Albert wished to leave it alone, for fear of accident; but Frederic de-

terminated to see, if possible, in what manner the machine acted; and finding he could not lift up the catch alone, he at length succeeded in persuading Albert to assist him. By their united efforts, though even then with difficulty, they removed it. But greatly were they alarmed by the consequences of their rash action! The wheel which they had loosened moved round with inconceivable rapidity, and a large chain fell down the shaft of a pit, which they had not before observed, with a dreadful noise. They even thought they could distinguish the sounds of groans from below. Albert and Frederic called as loud as they could, but received no answer. What were they to do? They had evidently occasioned much mischief; and, on looking round, they perceived a notice, placed over the narrow path by which they had entered, forbidding any person to go further, on pain of severe punishment. To this notice was affixed the name of a baron in the neighbourhood, whom they had often heard spoken of as being remarkably stern and tyrannical.

Albert was for going immediately and relating the whole affair to the baron; but this Frederic vehemently opposed. He said it was madness to expose themselves to the vengeance of an enraged and powerful baron, when, being at a distance from their friends, they should

be completely in his power; and that, on the contrary, their wisest plan was to escape immediately, before the affair was known. Whilst thus arguing, they left the fatal valley, and reached the inn of a neighbouring village, without coming to any determination. Soon after their arrival here, their attention was roused by a great crowd passing along the street; and, on enquiring the cause, they were told, that a poor man, whose leg had just been fractured by a chain falling down a mine, was being carried before his lord, charged with having broken some very valuable machinery. Now, my Albert, what should you have done, had you been in the situation of your namesake?

ALBERT. Gone to the baron at once, and confessed the truth: at least, I hope I should have had courage enough to do so.

FATHER. Albert had the courage to do his duty. He did not hesitate a moment, when he heard the circumstances; but proceeded instantly to the baron's castle, which was not far from the inn. Here he found the tyrant, looking even more stern than he had been described. The poor man accused of breaking the machine was just going to be condemned to death, notwithstanding his earnest protestations of innocence. It appeared that he had been seen near the spot, a short time before the

accident happened, and that was deemed a sufficient proof of his guilt. At this critical moment Albert arrived, and instantly coming forward, declared himself to be the author of the mischief; adding, that he was willing to make every reparation for the damage he had caused. "But," exclaimed the baron, "how is this possible, young man? you are a stranger, and cannot have been near the mine." Albert explained, that he and his companion had entered the valley without perceiving the notice which forbid them to go there; but when he spoke of their curiosity respecting the machine, Frederic, who had followed, interrupted him, and endeavoured to represent the lifting up the catch as accidental. "No," said Albert, indignantly, "it was not accidental: I did it purposely, and indeed with difficulty. It could not have been done by accident." "It could not, indeed," exclaimed the baron, who, in admiration of the courageous honesty of Albert, forgot his accustomed severity. "Generous young man," he continued, "I admire your conduct more than I deplore the loss of my machine. Return in safety to your country, and what has passed will, I trust, be a sufficient warning to you not to meddle in future with the property of others." The baron refused to receive any compensation for the

destruction of his property, and Albert left his presence, loaded with the blessings of the poor man whose life he had saved.

WILLIAM. Brave, generous Albert! But what became of the poor man?

FATHER. Albert gave him money to pay a surgeon for attending his broken leg, and also to support him and his family until he should be able to return to work. He also expressed his sorrow for the injury he had unintentionally done him; but the man only felt gratitude towards him, for the noble conduct which had saved him from certain death.

ALBERT. Now I have a hero to imitate. Father, through my whole life I hope I shall never tell the shadow of a falsehood, nor hesitate to speak the truth, however painful.

FATHER. Then, my dear boy, you will be rewarded by the approbation of that Being who is a God of truth. Still, you must always remember, that though emulation may sometimes lead to good, a Christian does not act from such a motive. We are taught not to adopt any man as a standard of excellence, however good he may be; but to guide ourselves solely by the dictates of our own consciences. Let us, therefore, do our duty from higher motives than the desire of imitating those whom we admire. But I see your mother

coming through the shrubbery to meet us, so we will finish our conversation for the present.

ALBERT. Thank you, father, for your account of Albert. I shall never forget my namesake.

WILLIAM. Nor I. Now, Albert, let us see who will reach mamma first.

ALBERT. With all my heart.

(They run off.)

LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY.

FATHER AND HELEN.

HELEN. How beautifully the sun shines; but it has almost put the fire out. Papa, why does the sun shining upon the fire, prevent it from burning as usual?

FATHER. If I were to tell you, my dear, you could not understand the reason, without some previous knowledge of Chemistry.

HELEN. I am very sorry for that, because I am anxious to know. I have intended asking you this week past. Papa, I would be very attentive, and try to understand the reason, if you would explain it to me.

FATHER. I have no doubt you would, Helen, because you are generally attentive when I endeavour to explain any thing to you; but, in this case, it is out of your power. You might form some general idea of what was done; but not why, or how the effect was produced.

HELEN. I know that would not please you, papa. Neither would it me; for I really do like to understand a thing clearly. The idea of chemistry rather frightens me, though I do

not know any thing about it. Do not smile, papa. I know you are going to say, "that is the very reason;" so, as you are only cutting open the leaves of that book, will you be so kind as to tell me what chemistry would teach me, if I were to learn it?

FATHER. That question is difficult to answer, because chemistry teaches so many things. It comprehends a knowledge of the substances of which this world is composed, and of the changes they undergo, when two or more are united together; therefore, it includes all that you are accustomed to consider as animal, mineral, and vegetable; and also the air and the water, respecting which you would learn many interesting particulars. It will teach you the reason of almost every change which takes place around you; and enable you really to understand a thousand things, of which you imagine you already know all that is to be known. For instance, you enquire, why the fire goes out, without perceiving that you do not know why it burns.

HELEN, (*after a long silence.*) Indeed, papa, you have surprised me, for I never thought there was any difficulty in understanding that; but, now you have set me to think steadily about it, I find I have always been contented with saying that the fire was lighted,

and therefore it burned. What can burning be? But, I know you will answer me, papa, as you did before. (*Another pause.*) I should certainly like very much to understand chemistry; but I am afraid it is a very difficult science, and would take all my life to understand the whole of it thoroughly.

FATHER. I fear, my dear, that many times the length of your life will elapse before the whole of it is discovered; though clever men are constantly employed in the study, and, for the last fifty years, advances have been made in this interesting science, rapid beyond all precedent. You have neither the time, nor the advantages, necessary to become a complete proficient in this study; but nothing is wanting, except application, to enable you to understand the principles sufficiently to be in the highest degree useful and interesting.

HELEN. But I have sometimes turned over the leaves of your books, papa, and they contain so many long, hard names, that I am afraid I could never remember them.

FATHER. In the first place, let me tell you, that turning over the leaves of any book, in a desultory manner, is the best possible recipe for not understanding it. It is not probable you should comprehend any part in that manner; and the whole appears a mass of con-

fusion. I cannot point out a royal road to this, or any other science. You cannot jump at once to the top of the hill; but if you are willing to climb up step by step, you will find your labour will be rewarded.

HELEN. I should be very sorry to show a want of application, for that would give you a bad opinion of me. Tell me what to set about, papa, and you shall see, at the end of a month, what progress I have made.

FATHER. That is spoken like my own child. I was almost afraid you were becoming idle. I will lend you a book, called "Conversations on Chemistry," which you will be able perfectly to understand; that is, with attention: I do not mean if you read it straight on, as fast as possible.

HELEN. Thank you, papa. I know, if I come to any thing really difficult to understand, you will help me.

FATHER. Nearly at the beginning, you will find a list of about fifty names of the simple substances. Some of them you already know; but I advise you to learn them all, a few at a time, exactly in the order they stand there.

HELEN. I can learn a thing by heart, first taking a small piece, and then a little more; but the worst is, a few days after, I have forgotten it all again.

FATHER. A little resolution will conquer this bad habit. There is a great deal of time in the course of the day, in which your body is active, but your mind idle. In these spare minutes, if you were to repeat to yourself what you wish to remember, you would find that it impressed it thoroughly upon your mind. Observe, I by no means wish you to acquire that very disagreeable habit of muttering to yourself. You need only think over the words, not pronounce them; and you must be careful not to feel cross if any one should interrupt you.

HELEN. They would not know what I was doing, so I should be very unjust to feel angry with them. Besides, I can find an opportunity of thinking, without making myself disagreeable, or troublesome. I will set about the plan in earnest, and perhaps I may in time improve my memory.

FATHER. I have not the least doubt that you may. I can assure you, that what you call my very good memory has been entirely formed by this means. In particular, I recollect it proved the only way by which I could remember the multiplication-table up to twenty; I have since found of such great advantage, that I feel it would be improper to neglect its use.

HELEN. After I have by this means acquired the names of the simple substances, shall I find much difficulty in remembering the others?

FATHER. No, I think not. The greater part are compounded from them, upon so simple a plan, that, by knowing of what materials any compound is composed, you can invent the name for yourself; or, the name being given you, can tell the materials of which it is formed. Thus, when you know that sulphate of lime is composed of sulphuric acid and lime, you can tell me, I suppose, what sulphate of iron would be?

HELEN. Sulphuric acid and iron.

FATHER. And sulphate of magnesia?

HELEN. Sulphuric acid and magnesia. Yes, that is very easy. But I do not know what sulphuric acid is.

FATHER. I do not engage to teach you chemistry in one conversation, my dear, but only to give you an idea of the manner in which some of the names are formed; but I have finished my book, and must not waste any more time. I do not know that I ought to say *waste*; because, if you profit by my advice, I shall think the time well bestowed.

HELEN. Thank you, papa. But, before you go, will you answer my first question, Why

the fire goes out? I know I cannot quite understand it, but still I should like to be told.

FATHER. The sun attracts oxygen.

HELEN, (*looking rather disappointed.*) But what has oxygen to do with fire, papa?

FATHER. When you learn chemistry, you will know that the common air which you breathe is composed of two kinds; one of which is called oxygen, and is necessary to the support of life and the existence of fire, and without which you could not live a moment. Now, this oxygen the sun attracts away from the fire, and consequently it goes out, when the sun shines very brightly upon it. But I warned you that you could not comprehend all this at present. Some children are contented with an answer, whether they comprehend it or not: you, Helen, I hope, are wiser. Begin at the beginning, and then, when you come to this part of chemistry, you will find it easy enough to understand.

HISTORIC SCENES.

No. II.

FATHER. HENRY. CHARLES. MARY.

FATHER. So, you have fixed to play at Historic Scenes again to-night: have you, my dears?

HENRY. Yes, Sir, if you have no objection to give us some more.

FATHER. Why, as to that, I assure you I do not intend to be spokesman always. You, boys, know something of history, and therefore ought to be able to describe many striking events; and even Mary can, I dare say, give us some account of the pictures in her little History of England, which she has so often climbed my knee to hear "a tale about." However, I have no objection to give you one to-night.

MARY. Thank you, papa. Now we are all ready, and I will try to sit quite still all the while you are talking.

FATHER. Then I am sure I must make haste. So, now to begin. The scene I have

chosen is laid in a more magnificent place than even the tent of royalty. It is—

When through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

HENRY. That is a quotation from my favourite Gray. You are taking us into a cathedral, I perceive, father.

FATHER. Beneath the vaulted roof is assembled a vast crowd, whose countenances bear marks of extreme agitation. Their looks are directed to the foot of a marble monument, where kneels a man, clothed in sackcloth: his head and feet are bare, and his whole appearance bespeaks deep humiliation. Several persons stand round him, dressed in the habit of monks, and holding scourges in their hands, with which they appear to be inflicting punishment on the prostrate figure before them. I should tell you that the feelings of the bystanders, on witnessing this spectacle, seem to be various: the greater part give signs of approbation, but there are others who appear gloomy and indignant.

HENRY. It must be some person suffering under the displeasure of the Roman church; but I do not recollect to whom the same applies. May I ask, father, if you have described a circumstance mentioned in English history?

FATHER. I have.

CHARLES. And I think I have guessed it.

HENRY. Be cautious, brother. Remember, we shall exact a forfeit if you guess wrong.

CHARLES. I am sure I am right. It is Henry the Second performing penance at the tomb of Thomas à Becket.

FATHER. You are perfectly correct.

HENRY. How strange, not to think of that before!

MARY. Then, was that a king kneeling before the monument?

CHARLES. Yes, Mary, it really was; and a very good king too.

FATHER. Explain the scene to your sister.

CHARLES. Then, you must know, Mary, —

FATHER. Five useless words to begin with, Charles.

CHARLES. Oh! father, I forgot your dislike to expletives.

FATHER. Endeavour to tell your story without them; for, I assure you, they are no ornament to a narrative.

CHARLES. Thomas à Becket was an artful, ambitious man, who raised himself from a comparatively low origin to the rank of archbishop of Canterbury. He gained the favour of his master, Henry, chiefly, by taking his part against the pope, who wanted to have a

great deal more power in England than he had any right to, and even tried to make his authority superior to that of the king himself.

MARY. But that was very wrong, I think.

CHARLES. So thought Henry ; therefore, when the archbishop of Canterbury died, he determined to bestow this important see upon his favourite Becket ; not doubting that he would, of course, act up to the principles he had always professed, and yield obedience to his sovereign and benefactor in all things. But in this hope he was disappointed ; for no sooner had Becket obtained this high dignity, long the secret object of his wishes, than he threw off the mask, and opposed the king in every measure he undertook. At last, after many contests, peace seemed restored between Henry and the archbishop, and the former set out for Normandy ; but scarcely had he landed, when news was brought to him of fresh disturbances in England, caused by the turbulent prelate, which put him in so violent a passion, that he exclaimed, " Will nobody rid me of this fellow ? " These unguarded words were heard by two of his attendants, who, basely thinking to gratify their sovereign's revenge, instantly returned to England, proceeded straight to Canterbury, and, rushing into the chapel where

the archbishop was performing his devotions, murdered him at the very foot of the altar.

FATHER. Let Henry relate what followed this atrocious deed.

HENRY. All ranks of people were filled with horror at so shocking a transaction, and none regretted it more than the innocent cause of it. Henry warmly protested his utter ignorance of the intention of the murderers. He offered to make any atonement in his power, and instantly dispatched ambassadors to the pope, to appease his anger. But this was no easy task. However, with much difficulty it was at last accomplished; and great credit is given to Henry, for the talents and wisdom he displayed in an affair which would have cost many sovereigns their throne and life. Becket was canonized as a saint; miracles were said to be wrought at his tomb; and all seemed quietly settled, when the unnatural rebellion of Henry's own sons again threw the nation into confusion. The unhappy monarch, at once oppressed by foreign and domestic foes, had no resource left but in the fidelity of the clergy. In order, therefore, to secure them more firmly in his interests, he resolved to perform penance at the tomb of their favourite Becket, which he knew would please them.

MARY. And were they faithful to him ?

HENRY. Yes; and Henry conquered all his enemies.

MARY. I am glad of that. But, papa, if Henry did not think Becket was a saint, was it right in him to do penance at his tomb, merely to make friends with the clergy.

FATHER. No, Mary: it was very far from being right, and I am glad you perceive the hypocrisy of Henry's conduct in this instance. Had he considered himself guilty of the murder of Becket, it would have been right in him, according to the opinions of those times, to make this public avowal of his repentance, and submit to the penance which the church might deem it proper to impose; but, as he did not think himself guilty, it was nothing but a deceitful, though politic, action.

CHARLES. But then, father, Henry was in such distress.

FATHER. Which is no excuse, my boy, for committing a bad action. But, Henry, you said the king was the innocent cause of Becket's murder, which is not, I think, quite correct.

HENRY. Not quite, certainly; for he was wrong in speaking so hastily.

FATHER. This story is a striking example of the dreadful effects which sometimes arise from an ill-governed temper. In men of high

station, intemperate anger ought to be most carefully guarded against. Nor is it less criminal in persons who move in a less elevated sphere of life; for, besides destroying the peace and comfort of all around them, a bad temper is at once opposed to all the good feelings of a Christian. But our time, I see, is expired. Good night, children.

GROTTO DEL CANE.

DURING the Christmas holidays, Arthur went to pay a visit to his uncle, an elderly gentleman, who had spent much of his early life in visiting foreign countries. Mr. Lindsey was a great favourite with his nephews and nieces, as he was very kind in telling them stories of the different scenes he had witnessed whilst abroad, and the remarkable places he had visited.

The morning after Arthur's arrival, he found, upon coming down to breakfast, that his uncle was not yet up. The fire was but just lighted, and it was a cold frosty morning; so, calling his uncle's favourite dog, Carlo, to attend him, he went into the garden, and soon made himself warm with running. After amusing himself in this manner until he thought breakfast must be ready, he again entered the library, where he found his uncle waiting for him.

"Good morning, uncle," said Arthur. "I hope I am not very late; but pray do not think I am just come down stairs, for I have been up this hour. James told me you did not breakfast very early; so I went into the garden to

see if the pond was frozen, and Carlo and I have been running races ever since."

"And pray, which of you ran fastest," said his uncle.

"Why, I believe I must own myself beaten in the race," replied Arthur; "so here, Carlo, is some breakfast for you, which I suppose you will think the best reward I can give you for your agility; that is, if I may feed him in the parlour, uncle."

"Yes, my dear, you may, though I acknowledge the parlour is not, in general, the proper place for dogs to take their meals in. But Carlo," continued Mr. Lindsey, patting his favourite, "is privileged, and must be allowed some indulgence, in consideration of his long services."

"Carlo is very much attached to you, uncle," said Arthur: "I suppose, because you are kind to him. But so am I, and so is James; yet I am sure he loves you best."

"That is because I saved his life," said his uncle.

"Saved his life!" cried Arthur. "Will you tell me when and how it happened?"

"Did you ever hear, Arthur, of a remarkable cavern in Italy, about a mile from Naples, called the Grotto del Cane, in which there is a great deal of bad air, so that no living creature can

be in it long without suffering extreme pain, and sometimes death?"

"Yes," replied Arthur, "and dogs are put into it, to show the effect the vapour has upon them, which is the reason it is called Grotto del Cane; *cane*, my sister Sophia says, being the Italian for dog; so that, in English, it means the Grotto of Dogs. But were you ever there, uncle? and was Carlo one of those dogs?"

"It is now twelve years since I was at Naples," replied Mr. Lindsey, "when one evening, as I was taking a rambling walk, without knowing in what direction I was going, I suddenly found myself in a delightful valley. The hills rose one over another, covered with trees, and the verdure was of the brightest green; whilst a clear lake, of the purest water I ever saw, completed the beauty of the prospect. In such a lovely spot I was surprised at not seeing any habitations: all was silent, no sheep in the pastures, and not a living creature was to be seen. I went on a little further, and then discerned a small cottage, which I approached for the purpose of making some enquiries; but, before I reached it, a sickly-looking peasant came out to meet me, and finding me to be a stranger, as he expected, asked if I should like to see the Grotto del Cane."

“ ‘The Grotto del Cane!’ I exclaimed, in much surprise: ‘am I then near it?’

“The man answered my enquiry by pointing to the side of a hill, about a hundred yards off, which he said was the place.”

“And did you go to see it, uncle?”

“Yes. I desired the man to show me the way, which he did, and then went back into his hut, as I afterwards found, to get one of the dogs, which are kept there for the purpose of showing travellers the effects of the vapour in the cavern.”

“And was Carlo the dog he brought?” asked Arthur.

“He was,” replied Mr. Lindsey. “I had scarcely reached the mouth of the cave, when I was startled at hearing a most dismal howling. I turned round, and saw the peasant who had first accosted me carrying a dog in his arms, which was struggling violently, and vainly trying to escape.”

“Poor fellow!” interrupted Arthur. “Do you think, uncle, he knew what the man was going to do with him?”

“I believe he did, for he had been in once before. The instinct of these animals is very remarkable. They seem to know a stranger the moment he approaches, and will run from his sight as fast as their legs can carry them,

before any attempt is made to catch them. But to return to my story. I could not bear the idea of torturing a poor animal merely to gratify my curiosity, and therefore desired the man to let him go; but this he was very unwilling to do, as he receives money for showing their sufferings. To settle this difficulty, I gave the man his usual fee; upon which he put down Carlo, who, during our debate, had looked piteously up in my face, making a whining noise, as though he understood what we were saying, and who immediately ran away the moment he was set at liberty."

"But did you not see him again?" asked Arthur.

"You shall hear. I now desired the peasant to open the door of the cavern; and, upon looking in, I saw a large cave, about twelve feet long, with a thick, warmish vapour covering the bottom of it, about a foot in depth."

"And is that the vapour which is so hurtful to animals?" said Arthur.

"It is," replied his uncle; "but only if they breathe it. I stood in it myself for some minutes, and suffered no inconvenience. The bad air found in this cavern, is of the kind called carbonic acid gas, which, being heavier than common air, remains at the bottom of the cave."

"Are there more sorts than one, of bad air?" asked Arthur.



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"Yes, my dear, many," returned Mr. Lindsey. "That which you hear of in coal-pits is of a different kind. But, indeed, several sorts are met with in mines. Some of these catch fire at the approach of a candle; others only from a spark from flint and steel; and others, again, instantly suffocate those who unhappily breathe them: this latter kind extinguishes flame. But I will tell you of these another day, and at present describe what would have happened, if I had permitted the peasant to put our friend Carlo into the cavern. When a traveller desires to see this cruel experiment, the guide holds a dog just above the vapour, and the animal gives no sign of uneasiness; but when the man forces his head into the bad air, so that he must breathe it, the poor creature writhes about in the greatest agony, and, at the end of a few minutes, loses his senses, so as to appear dead. He is then taken out and plunged into the lake close by, where he soon recovers, and appears the same as before. It has, however, some lasting bad effect, as the poor animals generally die the third time they are put in."

"Do you not think, uncle," said Arthur, "that people are very cruel, in making an animal suffer so much, merely for their amusement?"

"I think they are," answered Mr. Lindsey;

“for the effects produced by the vapour are now so well known, that no further experiments are necessary for philosophical purposes. And now I will tell you how I met with Carlo again. After I had satisfied my curiosity at the cavern, and had parted with the peasant, as I was slowly descending a narrow path by the side of the hill in which the grotto is situated, I heard a rustling noise amongst the bushes; and the next moment a dog sprang out, and crouched down at my feet. I instantly recognized it to be the same I had saved from being put into the cavern. The grateful creature fawned upon me, licked my hand, and did all in his power to tell me he thanked me. I walked on, but still he followed, and seemed resolved not to leave me. His mute affection won my heart; so, turning back, I sought the peasant, gave him what he asked for his dog, and from that hour Carlo has been my constant and faithful companion.”

“I do not wonder now,” exclaimed Arthur, “that Carlo loves you better than any body else, uncle. I am much obliged to you for giving me his history, which I shall always think of when I hear people talk of the Grotto del Cane.”

A RAINY MORNING.

"HEIGHO!" exclaimed Charles, with a lengthened yawn, as he watched the first drops of a shower pattering against the window: "heigho! there will be no riding for us this morning, that's certain;" and then, with another yawn, still longer than before, he lounged across the room in all the listless discontent of idleness.

"And so, as you cannot ride, you wisely resolve not to do any thing," said his father.

"No, indeed I do not, Sir; but you know it is the holidays, therefore I have no lessons to do."

"I certainly know it is the holidays; but I did not know you were therefore obliged to be idle, Charles," returned his father. "I am sorry you think there is any happiness in doing nothing, and can find no amusement in reading, or any other useful employment."

"Indeed, father, I like reading very much," said Charles; "and I was only waiting just now, to see if the clouds would not disperse, and the day clear up."

"That is to say," answered his father, "you have sauntered away an hour in idle fretfulness, as though you expected your looking at the clouds would drive them away."

"I cannot have been idle an hour, indeed, father; and surely there is no great harm in looking out of the window a few minutes."

"Your mother left the breakfast-table exactly as the clock struck nine, and now it waits but a few minutes of ten; therefore, you see, you have wasted not far short of an hour. And as to the harm, if once you get a habit of wasting your minutes, you will never make a good use of you hours and days."

"But surely, Sir," persisted Charles, "I have a right to feel vexed this morning, at being disappointed of the pleasant ride you promised to take Henry and me."

"As to your right to feel discontented and uncomfortable," said his father, "certainly, if you consider it such an enviable privilege, I would not deprive you of it. Only remember, Charles, you have no right to make others feel so; therefore, if you are in a fit of ill-humour, I should advise your enjoying it by yourself, in another room."

"But indeed, father, I am not ill-humoured; only I feel disappointed, and——and——"

"And out of humour."

"But you know, Sir, I cannot help wishing it did not rain."

"True," said his father; "but, as wishing will not make the day fine, would it not be wiser to think of something else? Do you remember the rule I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes, Sir, it was: 'Never fret about what you can help, but try to amend what is amiss; and never fret about what you cannot help, for that is foolish, and can do no good.'"

"And pray, Charles, under which head is your present misfortune?" asked his father.

"Under the last, certainly; for I am sure I would drive away the clouds if I could."

"Then use a little self-command, and force yourself to forget your disappointment, by turning your thoughts to something else. Get your books, or any other useful employment, and, in half an hour, you will find yourself much happier than you are now. I have some letters to write in my study; and when I come back, let me see that you have had resolution to correct yourself, and do what is right. Remember, my dear boy, it is self-command, and proper conduct in trifles, and in every-day life, that form the truly great and good man."

Charles sat silent for some minutes after his father left the room, apparently deep in thought. At length, starting up, "Henry," he exclaimed,

addressing his brother, who was quietly reading by the fire, "I believe my father is right, as he always is; for, to be sure, my fretting about this provoking rain will not, as he says, drive it away; therefore, I will follow his advice, and try to forget my disappointment. Yes, even the tame stork, which farmer Norton's son has brought from Holland, and which papa was so good as to say we might have if they would part with it, I won't think another minute about it, but employ myself as he desired. So, Harry, will you come and help me to arrange those new specimens of minerals which uncle William brought us last week. But I forgot, you were reading."

"I can finish my story another time, and will come with you and welcome," said Henry, good-naturedly putting down his book as he spoke.

"That is just like you," exclaimed Charles: "always ready to give up your own amusement for the sake of other people. But I am not so selfish as to let you do that upon every occasion; so tell me what you are reading, which seems to have interested you so much, all the time I was counting the clouds."

"It is a very amusing account of the stork, in Smith's Naturalist's Cabinet," answered Henry. "He says it is so easily tamed, that it may be trained to live in gardens; but the drollest part,

is an anecdote of one which played at *hide and seek* with some children."

"Do you mean really playing, like one of the rest?" asked Charles, incredulously.

"Yes," replied Henry: "here is the account. 'I saw in a garden, where children were playing at *hide and seek*, a tame stork join the party; run when touched, and distinguish the child whose turn it was to pursue the rest so well, as, along with the others, to be upon its guard.'"

"I had no idea that storks were so sagacious," said Charles. "How I wish we may be able to have farmer Norton's, and teach it to play with us. But are there any more anecdotes about storks?"

"Yes," said Henry: "here is an instance of one which remembered and revenged an injury. I will read it.

"A wild stork was brought by a farmer in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh into his poultry-yard, to be the companion of a tame one he had long kept there; but the tame stork, disliking a rival, fell upon the poor stranger, and beat him so unmercifully, that he was compelled to take wing, and with some difficulty escaped. About four months afterwards, however, he returned to the poultry-yard, recovered of his wounds, and attended by three other storks,

which no sooner alighted, than they all fell together upon the tame stork, and killed him."

"What a curious account!" said Charles, when Henry had finished reading. "I should like to hear the whole history of this sagacious bird."

"Then we will read it together this evening," replied his brother; "but now let us go and arrange our minerals."

Charles soon forgot his morning's disappointment, while placing his new supply of minerals in a pretty cabinet, which his father had lately given him. He was too intent upon his new employment to attend to the weather; so that he was surprised, when he had been thus engaged about an hour, at receiving a message from his father, to say that the horses were at the door. Cured of his ill-humour, and pleased with himself for having followed his father's advice, and conquered his discontent, he set out with his companions in high spirits, and found, to his great joy, that farmer Norton's stork was quite as amusing as he had expected. But how greatly were he and his brother delighted, when they heard the farmer declare, in answer to their eager enquiries if he meant to keep it, that, "if the young gentlemen had taken a fancy to the silly bird, they were very welcome to have it; for that neither he nor his

son knew what to do with it, only they did not like to kill the poor thing: therefore, if his honour was willing, his son should bring the bird up to the hall in the evening; for," added the farmer, "the creature is so tame, he will follow Robin like a dog."

This proposal was, of course, willingly agreed to; and, as the good-natured Robin received in exchange a couple of pretty little pigs, which his father declared to be "two of the nottiest bits of pork in the county," all parties were equally pleased. And Charles, convinced by experience that ill-humour would destroy his happiness, whilst useful activity would increase it, was never again seen to waste an hour in lamenting it was a rainy morning.

A LONG JOURNEY.

STRANGER. PILGRIM.

STRANGER. Good morrow, friend. Whither so fast?

PILGRIM. Good morrow to you. I am bound on a long journey, and must make haste, or the day will close in before I have completed it.

STRANGER. Where are you going to?

PILGRIM. Raise your eyes, and look westward. Do you see a bright spot in the distant horizon?

STRANGER. No, I cannot discern it: that gay palace, yonder, obstructs my view; or, may be, it is the mist hides it.

PILGRIM. You must look much higher.

STRANGER. Ah! I see it now. But, friend, you surely are not in earnest in saying you are going there?

PILGRIM. 'Tis true I am only a little way on the road; but still I hope to reach it, if I do not lose my way.

STRANGER. And which of all these roads do you intend taking?

PILGRIM. That narrow one to the right. It is rough and untrodden, with briars at the entrance.

STRANGER. That one! Surely you jest!

PILGRIM. No, indeed, I do not.

STRANGER. But the road is impracticable; and besides, look at that high mountain just beyond.

PILGRIM. Yes, I must cross it. It is called, I think, the Hill of Trials.

STRANGER. I believe it is. But may I ask why you choose so difficult a path, when others are so much pleasanter, leading the same way?

PILGRIM. Every pilgrim has his track marked out before he begins his journey, and that one is mine. But, friend, you must beware of thinking these roads all lead the same way, for they deceive the sight. Those pleasant paths, I am told, soon branch off into quite an opposite direction.

STRANGER. Then, amongst such a variety, how do you know which to take?

PILGRIM. By a talisman, which every pilgrim carries in his breast. If this is properly asked, it always whispers softly the right answer to any question put to it.

STRANGER. Indeed! Then nobody goes the wrong road, I suppose.

PILGRIM. Alas! not so; for though the power of this wonderful talisman is so well known, there are some who never consult it.

STRANGER. Impossible!

PILGRIM. You may well be surprised; yet such, I assure you, is the case.

STRANGER. Were you never tempted to turn back, or, at least, to try some easier path?

PILGRIM. To confess the truth, I was, once or twice.

STRANGER. Pray relate the particulars.

PILGRIM. The first time happened thus. I had not gone far, before I came to a place where the road divided into two ways; one very rough and hilly, the other smooth and pleasant, with the most delightful flowers growing along its sides. Yet, charming as it looked, I believe I should not have wasted a thought about it, had it turned out of the direct track; but it seemed to run straight by the side of the other, so that I imagined there would be no danger of losing my way, if I went along it. Before deciding, however, I resolved to consult my talisman. And it was well I did; for it told me, the pleasant path I so much admired would lead to certain destruction, and that its seeming to go near the other was only a very common deception, as, in fact, it went in quite a different direction. Rejoiced at my escape, I turned into

the rough path, and found, to my surprise, it was not nearly so toilsome as I expected, and became smoother every step I advanced.

STRANGER. A fortunate escape, indeed! Pray, did you meet with no other difficulties?

PILGRIM. Oh yes, and much greater ones! I told you, the path I took soon grew easy: at last it became so smooth, that it required no exertion, and I was congratulating myself on all danger being over, when I saw a figure slowly approaching towards me. At first I was a good deal alarmed; but as it drew near, I discovered it to be some one so languid and listless, that I deemed it needless to arm myself against such a contemptible foe. I went on, therefore, without regarding her approach, when I gradually felt my nerves begin to relax, and my strength decline. Though the path was remarkably easy, I grew so weary that I could scarcely move; and such an indescribable feeling of listlessness came over me, that I began not to care whether I went on or not. In this state I was on the point of sitting down, contented with the progress I had already made; when once more my talisman saved me, for I was not yet so far lost as to act without consulting it. I summoned sufficient strength to apply to it; but judge how greatly I was terrified by its answer. It informed me, the foe I

had so much despised was no other than Indolence, that insidious and destructive enemy to all pilgrims; and it warned me to fly instantly, before I was entangled in her snares. Happily, it was not too late: I sprang forward, and soon left my enemy far behind.

STRANGER. It was well you consulted your talisman. But did Indolence never attack you again?

PILGRIM. Never: perhaps she might, but now, being aware of her character, I avoided her with the greatest care; always, when afraid of her approach, summoning Diligence to my aid, whom Indolence cannot endure; so in her company I was safe.

STRANGER. Was this the only enemy you encountered?

PILGRIM. No, indeed, there were many more, some of whom puzzled me extremely; for they each assumed the appearance of some virtue, and this so artfully, that, but for my precious talisman, I should often have followed them.

STRANGER. Pray describe some of them.

PILGRIM. First there came Ostentation, in the form of Charity. She quite deceived me, till it happened, in a retired part of the road, a solitary fellow-pilgrim asked my assistance,

when Ostentation immediately whispered: "Do not relieve him: nobody is in sight."

STRANGER. Which, of course, undeceived you. And who came next?

PILGRIM. Your patience would be exhausted, were I to enumerate them all. I will therefore only add one more, Pride.

STRANGER. Pride! you surprise me. I should have thought you would have known her at first sight.

PILGRIM. By no means. There was not a virtue she could not assume the form of. She joined me immediately after I had succeeded in escaping the snares of Ostentation and her companions, and began by applauding my courage in conquering such formidable foes, which, she said, had overcome so many pilgrims before me. She professed the greatest abhorrence of vice, and, above all, inveighed against Pride.

STRANGER. Against Pride! you surprise me.

PILGRIM. Yes, against Pride; and that so loudly, that I once thought she must be Humility herself, and was consequently not a little pleased with her company.

STRANGER. And how did you discover your mistake?

PILGRIM. I'll tell you, We had travelled some way very delightfully, and I was just thinking my journey must be nearly ended, (for

whilst with her I seemed to make an astonishing progress,) when my foot slipped, and I fell. As I could not help perceiving it was owing to my own carelessness, I naturally felt a good deal ashamed, and expected my companion to reprove me: instead of which, she urged me not to grieve; declared it was no fault of mine; and was only anxious I should not be observed in this state, which, she said, would indeed be an evil. I looked up astonished, and instantly recognized Pride in her real form: her deformity struck me with terror, and, in an agony of remorse, I threw myself on the ground in despair; rightly judging, that with such a companion I must have strayed very far from the straight path.

STRANGER. Did Pride remain with you?

PILGRIM. No: the moment I was sensible of my error she left me.

STRANGER. How did you find your way into the right road again?

PILGRIM. As I lay weeping over my fault, some one in a low voice bid me be comforted; and, on looking up, I beheld the most lovely figure you can conceive standing beside me. But, my friend, you can form no idea of her extreme beauty, without seeing her: the lovely dignity of her deportment, the mild eloquence of her voice, possess a charm that is indescriba-

ble. It was Humility, who, seeing my distress, had hastened to me the moment I was deserted by Pride. She offered to show me the way into the right path; and gently taking me by the hand, led me down the eminence I had ascended with Pride, into a low vale, through which wound a narrow path, so overshadowed with trees, however, that it was necessary to stoop a good deal to enter it. It also seemed at a distance bare and rugged, but became smooth before the foot of Humility; and I could then see there were many flowers, which, as they grew near the ground, I had at first overlooked. Whilst pursuing this sequestered path, an inward peace took possession of my mind; and, though I sometimes wept, my tears were no longer bitter.

STRANGER. And was this the last mistake you fell into?

PILGRIM. Alas! not so; but, by following the directions of Humility, I have happily been preserved from falling into any very dangerous errors. I never proceed far without consulting my talisman; and, if I chance to stumble, Humility is always near to assist me.

STRANGER. But, with all this labour and toil, tell me, honestly, are you not wearied with the length of your journey, and inclined to change your road?

PILGRIM. Honestly, no. I confess, I found a good deal of perseverance necessary in the commencement of my journey; but every step renders it easier, and I enjoy, even in my distresses, an inward satisfaction I would not resign for any other good. And now, friend, farewell. I am rested, and must pursue my way.

STRANGER. Farewell, and thank you for your information.

HISTORIC SCENES.

No. III.

FATHER. HENRY. CHARLES. MARY.

CHARLES. I met with a curious anecdote in the English history this morning, father, which I think would make a good scene; but I am afraid you will think it trifling.

FATHER. Not if it be an incident which, though unimportant, is generally known: in that case it is worth remembering, were it only to prevent feeling awkward when the subject is referred to. But let us hear it.

CHARLES. In a large park, in which are a great many people, very gaily dressed, there is one group which shines conspicuous for splendour and magnificence, surrounding a lady of commanding mien, and very majestic carriage. She appears to be taking the air in a morning promenade, and the group follow her steps at a respectful distance. The ground is damp from late rain, and, as the lady is proceeding, she suddenly stops at a part of the

road which is too dirty for her to cross. While she is hesitating what to do, a gallant youth steps forward, with graceful eagerness unclasps his velvet doublet, and spreading its silken folds upon the ground, renders the slippery path safe and clean. Surprise, mingled with pleasure, is visibly in the lady's looks, as she steps lightly on the costly foot-cloth, and passes on in safety.

HENRY. Your hero's gallant politeness has betrayed him, Charles. It can be no other than Sir Walter Raleigh, making his *débat* in a courtier's life.

CHARLES. I was afraid you would guess it.

MARY. But who was Sir Walter Raleigh? and who was the lady he spoilt his beautiful cloak for?

FATHER. The lady, my dear, was the celebrated Elizabeth, queen of England; and Sir Walter Raleigh was the younger son of a good family, who, not having any fortune, came to London with the hope of making one at court. Whilst waiting for an opportunity to distinguish himself, he happened one day to be in the park when queen Elizabeth was walking there. Anxious to obtain a sight of her, he pressed foremost in the crowd, just as Elizabeth, coming to a part of the road that was dirty, hesitated for a moment how to cross. This,



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Raleigh perceiving, with admirable presence of mind, he threw his cloak upon the ground for her to step upon. His graceful manner, and the romantic gallantry of the action itself, so charmed Elizabeth, that she sent for the young stranger; and, as he afterwards proved to have superior talents, gave him a place near her person, and raised him to many offices of trust and importance. So, you see, Mary, spoiling his beautiful cloak made his fortune.

MARY. Yes, papa. No wonder he was so anxious to prevent the lady's wetting her feet.

HENRY. Why did you say, father, that Sir Walter Raleigh acted with presence of mind: there was no danger.

FATHER. Presence of mind means, seeing and doing at once the best possible thing in the circumstances in which you are placed: there is no necessity for danger.

HENRY. The event proves that Raleigh took the best possible means to please Elizabeth.

FATHER. Elizabeth's love of flattery, and the extreme attention she paid to outward appearances, were great weaknesses in her character; but as, with the exception of the handsome but depraved Leicester, she generally made choice of wise and able ministers, we must not condemn her too severely.

CHARLES. Does she deserve the title of great, which is generally given her?

FATHER. As a queen, I think she does; for, whatever were her faults, she certainly studied the happiness of her people, and very much improved their condition, both at home and abroad. Perhaps the line in your sister's chapter of kings, best describes her character.

MARY. I remember it, papa.

"Weak as a woman, as a queen most sage."

HENRY. But surely, Sir, she was very tyrannical.

FATHER. She was; though you must not judge her by our ideas of liberty in the present day, but compare her with the sovereigns who came before and after; and then, I think, we shall not have much reason to complain of her government. However, I by no means wish to defend her conduct in all things: her treatment of the puritans, and of the unfortunate Mary queen of Scots, was unjustifiable.

MARY. I wonder she should be walking in the park. I thought queens always rode in carriages.

CHARLES. But, Mary, the luxury of having a nice, comfortable carriage to go about in, was not invented until the middle of Elizabeth's

reign; so that, when the queen had to appear in public, her majesty sometimes rode behind one of her great lords, on a pillion.

MARY. A pillion! You are joking, brother.

CHARLES. No; I am quite serious. Elizabeth was also the first person in England that wore silk stockings. Mary queen of Scots sent her a present of a pair, which Elizabeth wore when she went to St. Paul's, to hear *Te Deum* sung for the victory over the Spanish Armada; and it was noticed that her majesty's petticoats were shorter than usual, in order, it was supposed, that her new silken hose might be seen to proper advantage.

FATHER. Potatoes and tobacco were also first brought to England in this reign, by Sir Walter Raleigh; and there is extant a curious letter of Elizabeth's, desiring the mayor of London to have a dinner cooked upon a coal fire, to ascertain whether it would be safe to eat food dressed by coal, instead of wood. This was accordingly done, and the dinner being found perfectly wholesome, coal fires were ever afterwards used in the royal palace, and wood fires grew out of fashion. But, that you may remember all these improvements, I will give you some lines to learn by heart, and with these we will close the game to-night.

We read, in great Elizabeth's reign,
Potatoes first to England came,
And coals were used in cooking :
Then coaches first convey'd our beaux,
And Mary sent some silken hose,
Our maiden queen to grace.

THE CRUSADES.

PART. I.

SOPHIA. ARTHUR.

ARTHUR. You have lately been reading the history of the Crusades, Sophia. I have heard a great deal about these wars, but I do not clearly understand their history. I wish you would be so kind as to give me an abstract of them, from beginning to end.

SOPHIA, (*smiling.*) A reasonable request, indeed! Well, I will try; and from the beginning, as you say. But I suppose I need not relate the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus?

ARTHUR. No, thank you. I know the miserable state the Jews were in at that time; and that the Roman emperors banished them from Jerusalem, and set up their own idolatrous worship in the holy city. Please to begin at the period when the Roman state became Christian.

SOPHIA. On that event, temples for Christian worship were erected at Jerusalem, as elsewhere; and the people peaceably enjoyed the exercise of their religion, until the Saracens

conquered the country, and established their mighty empire.

ARTHUR. Why were the Arabians called Saracens?

SOPHIA. I believe from Saracene, a country of Arabia Petræa. For the space of three hundred years, the caliphs of Bagdad and Egypt alternately possessed Jerusalem; but, about the year 969, Egypt gained the ascendant. The Saracens, or Moslems, as they are frequently called, being firm believers in Mahomet, considered themselves commissioned to destroy all who professed a different faith, and more particularly the Christians, whom they hated; but the governors of Jerusalem, deriving great profit from the pilgrims who resorted thither, did not entirely prevent their visiting the tomb of our Saviour, but contented themselves with levying heavy fines, and ill-treating them, more or less, according to the character of the governor.

About the year 1040, the Turkmans, a nation from the north-east of the Caspian Sea, overran Palestine. These people became Mahometans; and zeal uniting with their savage manners, they treated the Christians with great cruelty. Of the two divisions of the Saracen empire they united with the caliph of Egypt,

but employed their arms chiefly against the Greek empire.

ARTHUR. Was not the Greek empire the eastern division of the Roman empire?

SOPHIA. Yes; and its capital was Constantinople. The western empire had long before been destroyed by the Goths, Vandals, and Huns, and the present European kingdoms were founded upon its ruins. Alexius, who was at that time emperor, wished to obtain assistance from Europe, to relieve him from the depredations of the Turkmen, or Turks, as they were afterwards called; but the principal cause of the war appears to have been an opinion then prevalent, that the Holy Sepulchre ought not to be in the hands of infidels.

ARTHUR. I thought the Mahometans called us infidels.

SOPHIA. They did. Each party liberally bestowed this epithet upon the other, and firmly believed their enemies were the enemies of Heaven.

ARTHUR. If the pilgrims were ill-treated at Jerusalem, why did they go there?

SOPHIA. In the dark ages, a pilgrimage to the Holy Land was considered an act of such merit, as to atone for every kind of sin; and in the tenth century, the sudden expectation of the millenium, arising from a mistaken inter-

pretation of prophecy, induced numbers to flock to Jerusalem, where they believed Christ would soon appear, to judge the world. Besides, many persons in all ages have wished to behold the country where our Saviour preached, and to bathe in the waters in which he was baptized; and, in those times of ignorance and superstition, the people were made to believe that the true cross had been discovered, and that it possessed the miraculous property of replacing whatever wood was cut from it; so that most of the pilgrims who could afford it, purchased a piece, which they considered an inestimable treasure.

ARTHUR. You mean the actual cross upon which our Saviour was crucified? If it had been possible, I think I should have liked to have a piece of that myself.

SOPHIA. I am not surprised at the attachment shown to relics in that age; but, unfortunately, it led the way to much superstition, and caused the moral duties to be neglected, by fixing the attention of Christians upon other objects. To return to our history. The accounts the pilgrims gave of their sufferings, filled Europe with rage against the Moslems. Peter the Hermit particularly distinguished himself, as you have read in the English history; and at length, pope Urban the Second

called a council at Clermont, a town in France, when he spoke eloquently in favour of a crusade. Knowing the intended subject of deliberation, such numbers had crowded to Clermont, that the council was obliged to meet in the open air ; and so great was the effect produced by the pope's speech, that the multitude answered him with shouts of, "*Deus vult, Deus id vult*," (it is the will of God.) The pope affixed a cross of red cloth on the right shoulder of those who were willing to become Crusaders, and appointed the following spring for the setting out of the expedition.

It is impossible to give you any idea of the enthusiasm with which all ranks of people entered upon the enterprise. At that time, the greater part of the inhabitants of Europe were warriors, whose martial ardour was thus suddenly pointed to one great object, and changed from pursuing their private quarrels, into zeal against the Saracens. Those, too, who had committed enormous crimes, eagerly embraced a method of easing their consciences, which allowed them, at the same time, to continue their favourite occupations of rapine and bloodshed.

ARTHUR. How could going to the Crusades remove the consequences of their crimes?

SOPHIA. I am only telling you their opinions on the subject. They believed the pope had

power to remit sins, and he proclaimed a free pardon to all who took the cross. Debtors declared their intention of going to the Holy Land, and it would have been thought extremely wicked of their creditors to prevent them. But I must not attempt to describe the various motives which induced the people to go: the result was, that property was neglected, families deserted, and a rabble of twenty thousand persons, men, women, and monks, who could not wait for the march of the barons, set out on foot, in the year 1096, under the direction of Walter the Penniless, as he was called. These unfortunate people, free from all restraint, and without any supplies of provisions, were reduced to the greatest distress by the time they reached Bulgaria, a northern province of Turkey. Numbers had already perished on the road; and the rest, being driven by hunger to attack the inhabitants of the country, who, of course, had every advantage over them, were nearly all destroyed. A few escaped to Constantinople, and there waited for fresh bodies of crusaders to join them.

ARTHUR. What a pity they set off without the barons.

SOPHIA. I believe the barons were very glad to get rid of them; for they behaved in a sad

disorderly manner. Another body of about forty thousand followed these, accompanied by Peter the Hermit; but the marshes of Hungary, and other hardships, destroyed half their number, as well as fifteen thousand more who came after them. Even those few who reached Constantinople in safety, perished miserably in Bithynia.

ARTHUR. But why did they not remain at Constantinople until the barons arrived?

SOPHIA. You can have no idea of the excesses they committed there. Rapine and murder became common. They burned churches, and spared neither age nor sex.

ARTHUR. And did such people call themselves Christians?

SOPHIA. They did, indeed; and even arrogated to themselves the title of "Soldiers of Heaven." It shows, in a strong point of view, the difference between a love of virtue, and the mere fear of punishment. These people, believing that going to the Crusades wiped away all their sins, were under no fear of future punishment; and, having no other motive to be virtuous, plunged into all kinds of wickedness without restraint. At length, they expressed a desire to leave Constantinople, and pass over into Bithynia, a country of Asia Minor; and the emperor Alexius, glad to be

relieved of their presence, willingly consented to their proposal, and assisted them to cross the Bosphorus. I do not mean to represent Peter's mob as worse than the rest; unfortunately, they were all bad, unless restrained by fear.

ARTHUR. I do not wonder at your calling them a mob. Pray, were there any more?

SOPHIA. Yes; another body of two hundred thousand perished in Hungary; a fate which cannot surprise us, as they even surpassed in crimes those which had preceded them.

ARTHUR. Twenty thousand, forty thousand, fifteen thousand, and two hundred thousand; that makes two hundred and twenty-five thousand destroyed, and no good whatever effected.

SOPHIA. The numbers are probaby not very correct, but they are the nearest we can now obtain.

ARTHUR. Now for the barons: I hope they will meet with better success.

SOPHIA. The more respectable bodies of crusaders (for you must by no means imagine they were all barons) arrived separately at Constantinople, under the command of their several leaders. They are supposed to have amounted to seven hundred thousand, about one hundred thousand of whom were clad in mail. The leaders, wishing to conciliate

Alexius, besieged and took Nice, a town in Asia Minor, and gave him possession of it; but he treacherously continued, contrary to his agreement, to prevent the Latins from deriving any advantage from their conquest.

ARTHUR. Why do you call them the Latins?

SOPHIA. The crusaders were called so from their attachment to the Latin church; that is to say, they were catholics, and acknowledged the pope to be the head of their church, instead of the patriarch of Constantinople, besides differing from the Greeks in some points of doctrine. After conquering Nice, the crusaders took the road to Antioch. Where is that?

ARTHUR. A town in Syria, almost opposite the island of Cyprus.

SOPHIA. It was necessary to pass through Asia Minor; and here they met with great obstacles, from the nature of the country and the attacks of the Turks; and, during the siege of Antioch, they were reduced to the most dreadful extremities by famine. However, they were finally successful, and after a few months' delay, marched forwards to Jerusalem. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which the crusaders beheld this city, so long the object of their zeal and affections. Every heart glowed

with rapture, and every eye was bathed in tears; all past suffering was forgotten; the soldier became a simple pilgrim, and, throwing aside his lance and sword, wept over the ground on which his Saviour had expired.

ARTHUR. I can conceive their feelings. But I suppose they have not yet obtained actual possession of the city. Is it known how many reached Jerusalem.

SOPHIA. About forty thousand, out of nearly a million who had at different times undertaken the expedition; and of these, only twenty-one thousand five hundred were soldiers. The leaders had wasted their forces in ambitious projects, by the way. But it is not necessary to tell you all the smaller events.

ARTHUR. Certainly not; but I hope you will not be tired, dear Sophia, till you have conquered Jerusalem: it will be very tantalizing to leave them within sight of it.

SOPHIA. Well, then, on the 15th of July, 1099, after a short siege, Jerusalem was taken by storm. A dreadful slaughter ensued. Ten thousand Moslems were murdered in the mosque of Omar, and the crusaders boasted that they rode up to their horses' knees in the blood of the Saracens; then, washing their hands, they went directly to the church of the Sepulchre, and offered up their devotions with

a sincerity which to us appears impossible, after such scenes. Tancred, one of the leaders, had promised protection to three hundred prisoners; but the following day, the crusaders determined that no infidel ought to be allowed to live, and the unfortunate captives were brought out, and massacred in cold blood. Neither men, women, nor children were spared; excepting a very few, who were treated as slaves, and immediately employed to wash out the city.

ARTHUR. Which I think was very necessary. It seems almost impossible such barbarians could pretend to be Christians, who are commanded to forgive their enemies. But what became of the crusaders, Sophia, when they had attained the object of their wishes?

SOPHIA. Some of them returned home; and those that remained were enabled, by the assistance of fresh crusaders, who still kept coming from Europe, to conquer the surrounding country, and thus establish the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. Godfrey, one of their most celebrated leaders, was elected king, and was succeeded by his brother. But to follow the kings of Jerusalem in their wars, would carry us too far; I shall therefore give you some account of the military orders established there, and then conclude for the present.

From the ninth to the eleventh century, Amalfi was one of the most powerful commercial states in Europe.

ARTHUR. I do not recollect where Amalfi was situated.

SOPHIA. On the western coast of Italy, a little below Naples. Before the period of the Crusades, these Amalfians, by bribing the officers of the caliphs, had obtained permission to erect the church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem; and also several hospitals for the relief of the poor and wounded pilgrims, which were dedicated to St. John. The people of Europe bestowed more wealth upon these institutions, than was necessary for the purposes for which they were founded; and shortly after the taking of Jerusalem, the monks who had superintended them, considering it as meritorious to fight the infidels as to attend the sick, became a warlike body, under the title of Knights of St. John, and wore for their badge a white cross. These knights, becoming very famous for their courage, many wished to enter their society, but none were admitted who could not prove their nobility for several generations; and it was also necessary to take the vows of community of goods, and absolute submission to the rules of the order.

ARTHUR. I thought there was an order of Red Cross Knights.

SOPHIA. And so there was; for the pilgrims still suffering from detached bodies of Turks, another order was established for their protection, who took a red cross for their badge, from which they are frequently called Red Cross Knights; but their proper appellation is, Knights Templars, a name derived from the circumstance of Baldwin, one of the kings of Jerusalem, giving them part of a palace adjoining Solomon's Temple.

ARTHUR. I thought Solomon's Temple was destroyed when Titus took Jerusalem?

SOPHIA. Another building was erected upon its ruins, which bore this name. The Knights Templars founded establishments in most of the countries of Europe, upon which lands and wealth were liberally bestowed. Besides these orders, there was another, the members of which were called Knights of St. Lazarus. They wore green crosses, attended particularly to lepers, and named their hospitals Lazaretos; but these are not so much spoken of. With this I shall conclude, for I think you will scarcely remember more at once.

ARTHUR. Thank you, dear Sophia. I think I shall recollect all you have told me;

and then, I know, you will give me an account of the other Crusades, when you are at leisure.

SOPHIA. Willingly, my dear Arthur. But now I advise you to take a run in the garden; for you have attended so closely, I think you must be tired. I will fetch my bonnet, and we will go together.

THE CRUSADES.

PART. II.

SOPHIA. ARTHUR.

SOPHIA. If you will bring your netting a little nearer, I will finish my account of the Crusades, Arthur.

ARTHUR, (*jumping up.*) Thank you, sister. We left them in quiet possession of Jerusalem, after the First Crusade.

SOPHIA. Not in quiet possession, for they were constantly engaged in war. Forty-eight years after the taking of Jerusalem, in consequence of losing Edessa, one of their frontier towns, they urgently solicited further assistance from Europe; and Lewis the Seventh, of France, and Conrad the Third, of Germany, went to their relief.

ARTHUR. You have not mentioned any kings before. I suppose these were the first who were sufficiently zealous in the cause to leave their own kingdoms.

SOPHIA. Yes. But their expedition was of no advantage to the crusaders; for the greater part of their army perished in Asia Minor, and

the remainder not being able to take Damascus, they returned home. Thus ended the Second Crusade.

ARTHUR. What caused the Third Crusade, Sophia?

SOPHIA. The eighth king of Jerusalem, named Baldwin the Fifth, who was an infant, died in the year 1186; and there being, unfortunately, several claimants for the crown, the country was distracted with civil dissensions. In the mean time, the Saracens were daily becoming more powerful. Saladin, a general in the army of Nouredin, caliph of Egypt, had, by a mixture of artful policy and military virtue, become sovereign both of Egypt and Syria; and, as the Christians had found it difficult to maintain their ground whilst those two empires were at war with each other, there was little hope of their doing it when united under the dominion of such a man as Saladin. At first, however, being occupied with securing his conquests, the new sultan showed no disposition to attack the Latins; but his anger was at last roused by Reginald, a powerful baron, whose territory lay near to Egypt, who was continually molesting his subjects, in spite of a truce then subsisting between him and the Christians.

ARTHUR. They almost deserved their fate.

But why did not the king of Jerusalem punish Reginald?

SOPHIA. The great lords were much too powerful to be controlled. Besides which, Lusignan, who had assumed the title of king, was scarcely acknowledged by the people in general. The patience of Saladin being exhausted, or rather, finding himself now at liberty to attack the Christians, he advanced into Palestine, at the head of a large army. Lusignan was advised to garrison his towns, and waste the strength of the Saracens in long sieges; but the grand master of the Templars persuaded him to trust all to a battle. Accordingly, the whole strength of the Christians now in Palestine being collected, the fatal battle of Tiberius was fought, in which the crusaders were entirely defeated. Most of their towns immediately submitted to Saladin; and even Jerusalem, after a short siege, was found to open its gates to the conqueror.

ARTHUR. How did Saladin treat the vanquished, Sophia? Did he act as barbarously as the Christians, when they took the city?

SOPHIA. No; his conduct was very different. He, indeed, made slaves of the people; but he allowed them to be ransomed, and none were killed after the city surrendered. He even

allowed the Knights of St. John to continue their attendance upon the sick, until all in their hospitals should be cured. Tyre —

ARTHUR. On the shores of the Levant, just above Acre.

SOPHIA. Tyre, and a few other cities, remained faithful to the Christians, who now ardently desired a third Crusade, as the only means of recovering Palestine. In the beginning of the Holy Wars, the kings of England feared to endanger their new conquest, by encouraging the Norman barons to leave England; but, as their authority became more firmly established, Henry the Second permitted all who chose to assume the cross. When the news of the battle of Tiberius reached Europe, Richard the First was upon the throne, who, fond of war, immediately declared his intention of undertaking a third Crusade; in which resolution he was joined by Philip, king of France. Their united forces amounted to one hundred thousand men; but I think you have read an account of their expedition in the English history?

ARTHUR. Yes; they quarrelled, and Philip soon returned home. Richard gained great glory in the war, and defeated Saladin in several engagements; who at last made peace, allowing the Christian pilgrims to visit the Holy

Sepulchre at Jerusalem, without paying a tax. On returning through Germany, Richard was treacherously made prisoner by the emperor, but was at last ransomed by his subjects.

SOPHIA. During this Crusade, the duke of Suabia arrived in Palestine, at the head of a body of Germans. Their expedition is chiefly remarkable for the establishment of the order of Teutonic Knights, into which none but Germans were admitted: their badge was a black cross, embroidered with gold. The Fourth Crusade is not very interesting, or important; I therefore pass on to the Fifth.

The popes now began to take advantage of the prevailing zeal. Having persuaded numbers of people to assume the cross, they allowed those who afterwards repented, to pay large sums of money instead of going to the Holy Land, granting them an indulgence for their sins all the same.

ARTHUR. Then, did not the people undertake another Crusade?

SOPHIA. Yes. It did not put an entire stop to these expeditions; but in time it brought discredit upon the popes, when it was found that the money collected ostensibly for the conquest of the Holy Land, was applied to their own private use; and the sale of indulgences, afterwards carried on under other pre-

tences, was one great cause of the Reformation. But to return to the Fifth Crusade. Many knights of France and Flanders, with a numerous body of soldiers, took the cross; and, being unwilling to encounter the perils of Asia Minor, they made an agreement with the Venetians, to supply them with ships to transport them by sea, for a certain sum of money. But when the crusaders arrived at Venice, previous to embarking, they found themselves unable to raise the necessary sum, and therefore consented to subdue a town on the Adriatic, which had revolted from the Venetians; and this service was to be received as part of the price. In the mean time, a revolution had taken place in the Greek empire. Isaac Angelus was deposed by a brother whom he had redeemed from slavery; and, despairing of rousing his own people to take up arms in his cause, he sent his son to the crusaders, to beg their assistance. The Franks and Venetians, considering this enterprise as equally meritorious, and much more lucrative than a Crusade into Palestine, sailed for Constantinople, in defiance of the pope, who forbade the undertaking, and excommunicated all who engaged in it. Their force only amounted to twenty thousand, whilst the men in the city capable of bearing arms, were upwards of four hundred thousand; but

these proved so unwarlike, that the town surrendered, after a faint resistance, and Isaac and his son were placed together on the throne, in the year A. D. 1204.

ARTHUR. But what advantage did the crusaders derive from this expedition?

SOPHIA. They were promised a large sum of money for their services. But I have not yet finished my account. Religious differences gave rise to endless disputes between the crusaders and the Greeks, as the Latins insisted upon the patriarch of Constantinople acknowledging the pope to be the supreme head of the church, which, of course, he refused to do. At length, in a tumult, part of the town was burnt, and the crusaders were driven out; who, in revenge, attacked and took the city once more, and gave it up to be pillaged. The plunder was immense; and the conquerors proved themselves to be barbarians, by destroying the innumerable works of art with which the city abounded. A Latin emperor was elected instead of Angelus, and the Greeks remained under the yoke fifty-seven years.

ARTHUR. But what became of Palestine, whilst the crusaders were employed at Constantinople?

SOPHIA. Saladin being dead, and his successor engaged in civil wars, and distressed by

a dreadful famine, the Christians enjoyed peace; but at length Saphadin, a brother of Saladin, attacked them, and, as usual, Europe was appealed to for assistance. Accordingly, a body of Hungarians reached the Holy Land, but returned without effecting any thing of importance: indeed, they even robbed the Christians who were settled in the country. The next year an army besieged Damietta.

ARTHUR. Damietta is in Egypt. Why did they go there?

SOPHIA. They thought, if they conquered Egypt, all Palestine would fall into their hands; and their success was at first so great, that Saphadin offered them Jerusalem, the true cross, and nearly all Palestine, if they would leave the country; but this offer was unfortunately rejected. After taking Damietta, the plunder of which was astonishingly great, they marched further up the country: the Nile rose as usual; the Saracens opened their sluices; the camp of the crusaders was surrounded by water, and they were glad to retire from Egypt, with the loss of all their conquests. The pope laid the blame of this failure upon the German emperor, Frederic the Second; because he had not gone in person, according to his promise. His holiness and the emperor were continually at variance; but their disputes would lead me

away from my present subject: I need, therefore, only tell you, that at length the pope forbade Frederic to go to the Holy Land, and even excommunicated him. Nevertheless, Frederic went, about seven years after the unfortunate expedition into Egypt, and acting with more prudence than the crusaders generally did, he concluded an advantageous treaty with the Saracens, by which the Christians obtained Jerusalem and many other places.

ARTHUR. Was there a king of Jerusalem all this time?

SOPHIA. Many assumed that title, and Frederic amongst the number; but it was now nothing but an empty name, although there were endless disputes for its possession. This peace terminated the Sixth Crusade, but it was not of long continuance; and the Latins being again driven out of Jerusalem, a seventh Crusade was undertaken by the English, under the earl of Cornwall. They were successful; but soon returned, and the Tartars overran Palestine.

ARTHUR. Then I suppose an eighth Crusade will be necessary.

SOPHIA. Yes. In the year 1249, Lewis the Ninth, of France, assembled a large army, in consequence of a vow he had made during a severe illness; and, being joined by some Eng-

lish, sailed to Egypt. Here they suffered dreadful hardships, and at last the king was taken prisoner. The sultan, however, accepted a ransom; and Lewis proceeded on to Acre, hoping to redeem his honour. But ill fortune still pursued him, and he returned home at the end of four years, leaving the country a prey to civil discord.

ARTHUR. Was this the last Crusade?

SOPHIA. No, although the Ninth and last Crusade was undertaken by the same monarch, who, though unfortunate, was brave. Lewis was this time accompanied by prince Edward of England, afterwards Edward the First, whose cruelties at the taking of Nazareth, equalled those exercised by the first crusaders at Jerusalem.

ARTHUR. He was stabbed by an assassin, I recollect, and his wife sucked out the poison.

SOPHIA. I am afraid that brilliant action belongs only to the regions of romance. Edward had only one thousand soldiers; and his father requiring his assistance in England, he contented himself with making a truce for ten years, and returned home. Many attempts were afterwards made to renew the Crusades, in different countries; but, from various causes, they all failed, and the Christians in the east were from this time left to their fate.

ARTHUR. I am afraid they were all destroyed, as soon as the truce expired.

SOPHIA. Two years before the truce ended, the Franks plundered some Mahommedan merchants, and thus brought upon themselves the sultan of Egypt, who soon obtained possession of the whole country, except Acre, where the military knights made a last stand. Acre fell in the month of April, 1291; and, in spite of the desperate efforts of the Red Cross Knights, the Christians finally lost all their possessions in Palestine.

ARTHUR. After two hundred years of slaughter! Pray, Sophia, how many are supposed to have taken the cross?

SOPHIA. Their number cannot be calculated with any certainty; for small parties were continually going, besides the nine Crusades I have given you on account of. It was very much the custom for persons to make a vow to go to the Holy Land for a given period; at the end of which time they would return, regardless of the inconvenience their sudden departure occasioned.

ARTHUR. It appears to me, that their ill success must be chiefly attributed to their own bad management. But what became of the military orders, Sophia?

SOPHIA. The Teutonic Knights had con-

quered Prussia before the loss of Palestine, from whence they afterwards made war upon the surrounding nations; but they were, in their turn, finally subdued by Poland. The Knights of St. Lazarus had considerable property in France, where they were allowed to remain until the year 1608, when their order was suppressed. The Knights of St. John at first escaped to Cyprus, and afterwards seized upon Rhodes, where they were not forgetful of their vow of perpetual hostility to the infidels. In the end, they were driven out of their island by the Turks; upon which, Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany, gave them Malta.

ARTHUR. Then the Knights of Rhodes, and the Knights of Malta, of whom I have so often read, are only different names for the Knights of St. John. What became of the Red Cross Knights, Sophia?

SOPHIA. Theirs is a melancholy history. They appear to have forgotten their vows of perpetual hostility to the infidels, and lived quietly at their respective establishments in Europe, until the year 1307, when Philip, king of France, being in want of money, determined to seize the property of the Templars; and, in order to have some plausible pretext, he accused the knights of idolatry, and various other improbable crimes. He prevailed upon the

pope to assist him with his authority, and then, taking possession of their estates, he threw the knights into prison, and even tortured many, to make them confess what he required. Most of these unhappy men nobly refused to accuse their order of crimes it had never sanctioned or committed; and fifty-four, who retracted the confessions forced from them by torture, were burned to death. The pope gave their property to the Knights of St. John; but Philip kept the greater part himself, during his life-time. The Templars were not used quite so ill in other countries, but every where the order was suppressed.

ARTHUR. A sad melancholy ending to my favourite Red Cross Knights. I am very much obliged to you, dear Sophia, for your long account. I have a much clearer idea of the Crusades now than I had; and when I am older, and want to know more about the Saracens, I shall like to read a good history of them.

SOPHIA. What I have told you is a mere abstract; and an abstract cannot be so amusing as a full, detailed history of the events, which you will find extremely interesting.

ARTHUR. I have no doubt I shall; and therefore, when I am older, I will read as long a history of them as I can find. And now I will go and see if Lindsey has finished his lessons with papa.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

SCENE I.—*The public road. A travelling carriage broken down.*

COLONEL BENTLEY and his NEPHEW.

COLONEL B. We will walk on, nephew, into the village, while the carriage is mending. It is a delightful evening.

NEPHEW. I see the good-natured boy who ran to help us, is coming back with the blacksmith. Shall we not stay and thank him?

COLONEL B. We will meet him, and offer him some reward for his trouble.

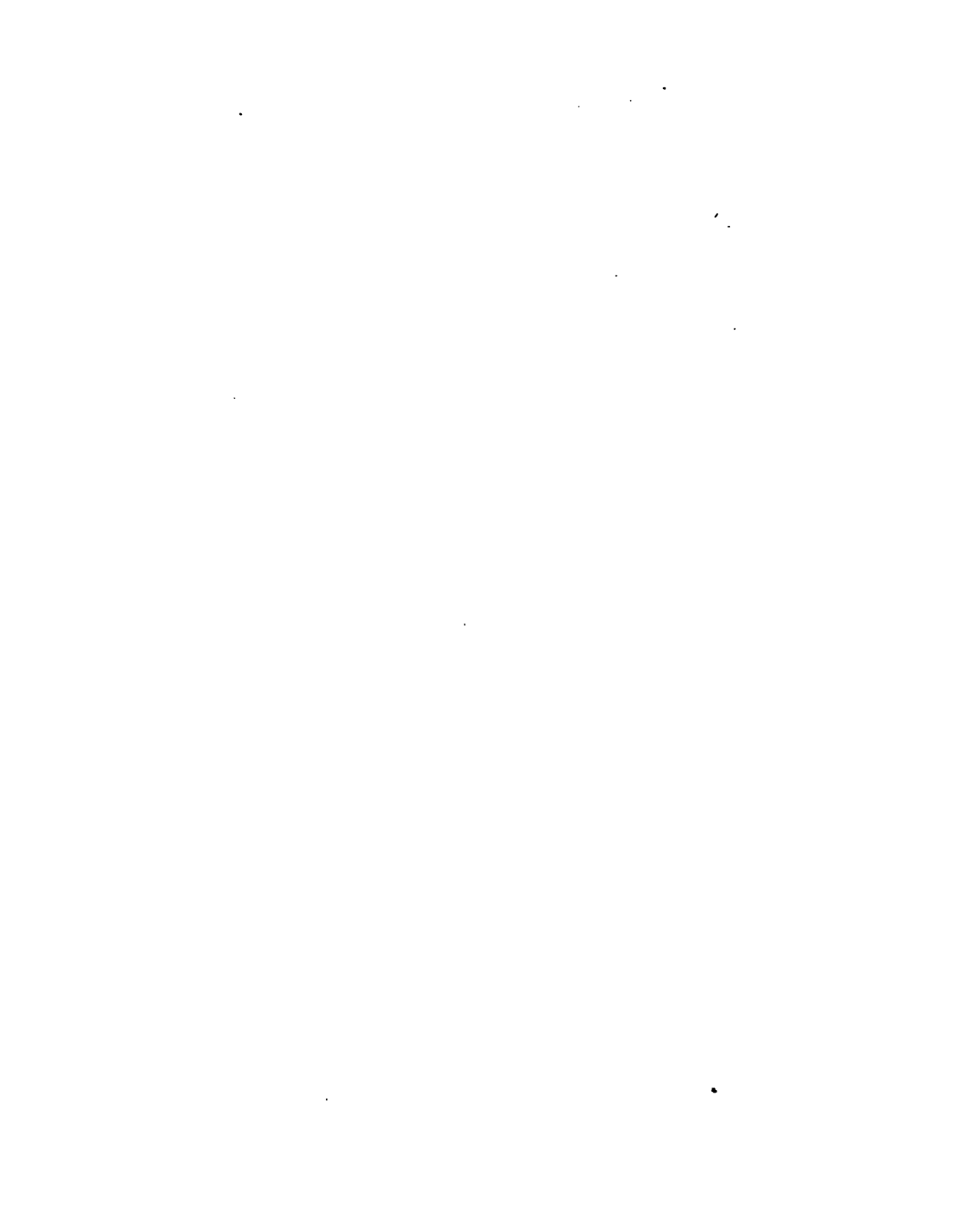
NEPHEW. What an open, honest countenance he has! But he looks ill.

COLONEL B. I fear he is in distress. We will enquire his history, and see if he wants assistance.

NEPHEW. He seems to avoid us.

COLONEL B. We must call him. Hark ye! my lad.

Boy, (*coming across the road.*) I have fetched the smith, Sir: he says your carriage



MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.



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will be ready in half an hour. (*Bows, and is going.*)

COLONEL B. Stay, here is something to reward your trouble; (*offering money;*) and we are much obliged to you, my good lad.

BOY, (*drawing back.*) Thank you, Sir; but it was no trouble to run a few yards, and you are very welcome. (*Going.*)

COLONEL B. Are you in haste to go home?

BOY. No, Sir.

COLONEL B. Then, will you show us the way to that pretty church which stands yonder, behind the trees? (*Aside to his nephew.*) We shall find something to give him in the village.

BOY. Willingly, Sir; though I am but a stranger in the place myself.

NEPHEW. Do not you live here?

BOY. Just now we do, for father is too ill to move. This is the way to the church, Sir. (*They all walk forward.*)

NEPHEW. What is the matter with your father? and how comes he to be travelling about, when he is so ill?

BOY. He is a soldier, Sir, and was discharged on account of his wounds. We set off from Portsmouth, to walk to my mother's native place, which is not a great way from hence. But the journey was too much for my father: the

wound in his leg broke out afresh, and we were forced to stop here.

COLONEL B. A soldier in distress! I must go and see him. Where is he?

BOY. A farmer in the village is good enough to let us lie in his barn. It is only just beyond the turn of the road, Sir, near those elms.

NEPHEW. Shall we go and see him directly, uncle?

COLONEL B. By all means. Lead the way, my good lad, and we will follow you.

SCENE II.—*The inside of a barn. A wounded soldier sitting on some bundles of straw, supported by his wife. Two little children playing on the ground.*

The BOY enters, followed by COLONEL BENTLEY and his NEPHEW.

BOY. Father, here is a good gentleman come to see you.

SOLDIER. I thank him kindly.

WIFE, (*rising up, and courtesying.*) Your honour is very good; but I am ashamed you should come to such a place.

COLONEL B. I have been in many a worse, my good woman; for I, too, am a soldier, like your husband, and used to hard lodging. (*Approaches the sick man.*) But—what do I see? Surely I ought to know those features.

WIFE, (*looking up with surprise, then suddenly dropping a low courtesy.*) It is our good colonel himself!

COLONEL B. Yes, it must be Markham, who saved my life in the battle of Salamanca.

SOLDIER, (*trying to rise.*) I am indeed Markham; but I never thought to see your honour again, in this world.

COLONEL B. Sit down, sit down: there's my hand. (*Shakes the soldier kindly by the hand.*)

SOLDIER. Heaven bless your honour!

NEPHEW. Is this the good old soldier, uncle, you have so often told me of—the preserver of your life?

COLONEL B. The very same. It seems but yesterday since I lay wounded, amidst a heap of slain, in the very thickest of the battle, expecting every instant to be trampled to death. It was then, Markham, you saw me, and, regardless of your own danger, lifted me from the ground, placed me on your own horse, and thus bore me off the field in safety. I shall never forget it.

SOLDIER. Oh, Sir! you think too much of it, a great deal: I only did my duty.

COLONEL B. But where have you been since we parted? I left you with the army before Badajos.

SOLDIER. I staid in Spain till the peace, and then our regiment was ordered to the West Indies; when I own, Sir, I often wished for my discharge, for the service was hard enough.

COLONEL B. Did the climate injure your health?

SOLDIER. It was not that, Sir, made me dislike the service: I have been a soldier too long, to mind hardships of any kind. But I was born an Englishman, and could not bring myself to see, without horror, fellow-creatures made slaves of, and beaten and tortured at the caprice of their inhuman masters. Then sometimes the blacks rose, and we were called out to quell their rebellion. Poor creatures! I could not fire on them: I used to turn my musket another way. It was a miserable life.

COLONEL B. And are you only just returned to England?

SOLDIER. It is five weeks since I landed at Portsmouth. I had my discharge immediately; for you know, Sir, with this wound in my leg, I was unfit for further service. I thought it hard to be turned adrift in the world, after

spending the best of my life in fighting for my country, and when I could not work. But it is the will of Heaven, and I try to submit cheerfully.

COLONEL B. But, my brave Markham, why did you not let me know your situation? Before we parted, I made you promise to come to me as soon as you reached England.

SOLDIER. You were always very good, Sir; and when I saw my poor wife and children starving, and I was unable to earn a mouthful for them, I believe I should have made bold to write to you, but I lost your direction.

COLONEL B. How unfortunate! But think no more of past sorrows, they are at an end now; for it shall be my care to make the rest of your life happy.

SOLDIER. You are too good, Sir—too good. But I hope to be able to work soon.

WIFE. Ah, Sir! if my poor husband were but stout and hearty again, we should do very well; but it breaks my heart to see his sufferings, though he never complains.

COLONEL B. I will send instantly for a surgeon, to examine his wound. But I think his illness proceeds chiefly from anxiety; and when he sees you and your children happy and comfortable around him, I hope he will soon get well.

WIFE. Why, indeed, Sir, he frets more about us than himself.

COLONEL B. But that is over now. You shall all come and live near me, and I will take care the preserver of my life wants for nothing.

SOLDIER. What goodness! But we must not be troublesome to your honour; and I would rather work than be idle, when I am able.

COLONEL B. *(after a pause of some minutes.)* I have thought of a plan, which I think will suit you. There is a small farm of mine just become vacant at Harbourne, a pretty village close to my house.

WIFE. Harbourne! my native place!

COLONEL B. The farm is ready stocked, and my bailiff will help you to manage it. Shall you like this arrangement, Markham?

SOLDIER. Like it! Oh, Sir! it is only too much—more than I deserve.

WIFE. How happy we shall be!

(Boy coming close up to the Colonel, takes his hand and kisses it, but is unable to speak.)

COLONEL B. Now let us settle where you can stay, till you are able to bear the journey.

SOLDIER. I think I could bear it now: joy has made me well already.

COLONEL B. You must not outdo your strength, Markham. I think, my good woman,

I saw a small, neat inn, at the entrance of the village.

WIFE. Yes, Sir. It is kept by a widow, who has been very kind to us.

COLONEL B. Then you shall move there immediately, and she will take care of you all, till I can send for you to Harbourne.

SOLDIER. Indeed, Sir, I know not how to thank you.

COLONEL B. Nay, we should thank your son: it was his obliging disposition first interested me, and excited my desire to know more of him. But it is time we arranged with the landlady for your going to her, and then we will return, and see you safely lodged before night.

(Colonel Bentley and his nephew leave the barn.)

SOLDIER. Heaven bless you, Sir! Who would have thought of so much happiness coming at once!

WIFE. Oh, what joy! I'm the happiest woman in the world!

THE FOUR KINGS.

SOPHIA. LINDSEY. ARTHUR.

SOPHIA. Here we are, according to appointment. Now, Lindsey, are you prepared to puzzle us completely.

LINDSEY. I mean to try; but whether I shall succeed or not, is another matter.

ARTHUR. Pray let us hear your enigma, for I am impatient to guess it.

LINDSEY. Four kings once met to transact business of great importance; but, unfortunately, their respective ranks not being well ascertained, it was found impossible to arrange the necessary ceremonies. They therefore agreed that each should state his pretensions, in order that the matter might be settled in an amicable manner, and solely by the force of reason. The size of their respective territories formed a rule for the order in which they should speak.

King Novus, possessing fourteen millions of square miles, therefore, first rose, and thus addressed the assembly:

“Great indeed is my astonishment,” he be-

gan, "to find that claims to pre-eminence, which I justly consider as irresistible, require to be distinctly stated and enforced. Are not my dominions equal in extent to the united kingdoms of two of my opponents. Are not my mountains, rivers, and forests, upon a scale of magnificence far exceeding any thing you can boast? Are not my lakes almost as large as your seas? Are not my coasts washed by the greatest of oceans? Have I not the precious metals in the greatest abundance? Are not my people free? and do they not enjoy every advantage of climate the earth produces? My land would be the fit abode of giants, and is evidently marked out by nature, as the residence of the monarch of the world."

Having thus spoken, the king sat down amidst the murmurs of the audience, who muttered to themselves something about 'upstart.'

As soon as silence was restored, king Senex, enthroned in eastern magnificence, and without rising from his seat, thus addressed his attentive auditors:

"I do not boast of the extent of my dominions, although possessed of eleven millions of square miles; nor of the size of my mountains, though it will not be denied that the largest in the world supports my throne. I shall speak only of the antiquity of my realm. My country

was inhabited by men, two thousand years before any other part of the world could boast a higher race of beings than the brutes. Indeed, the inhabitants of one part of my kingdom can name and number their rulers, many centuries further back than the time usually considered as the date of the creation. My territory has also contained the only spot of earth that could ever boast the possession of perfect happiness: a treasure, alas! long since lost, although I have still remaining a country recognized as the Happy. My cities have been larger than those which any other king can boast of, and the wisest man that ever lived ruled over one of my provinces. Then surely, while antiquity of ancestry gives a title to precedence in the world, I can have no competitor, since I alone can lay claim to the first man ever created."

Thus spoke Senex, and, bowing his head as a signal that he had concluded, king Servitus rose, having nine millions of square miles, and began as follows:

"Learning must surely be preferred to mere antiquity; and every one will allow that, at a time when the rest of the world was plunged in all the darkness of ignorance, my people were eminent in science and literature. Do not the most polished people now existing, travel over land and sea, to obtain a sight of the

mighty works my people erected three thousand years ago? Have I not still standing, a building which occupies eleven acres of ground, and confessed by all to be the greatest artificial wonder in the world? My territory is so extensive, that much of it still remains unexplored, although many have lost their lives in fruitless attempts to traverse its unknown regions. Permit me, at least, to remark, before I conclude, that whatever may be thought of my claim to pre-eminence over you, none can doubt that I have an unalienable right to my own subjects; and, therefore, that those kings have little reason to boast of their honour or humanity, who permit their subjects to carry away my people, and make slaves of them."

The injured prince sat down, after making this appeal to the hearts of his auditors, who remained in evident confusion, until relieved by king Instructus rising to address them. As this king possessed only five millions of square miles, he had been obliged to remain silent until the others had spoken. Nevertheless, he appeared to consider himself infinitely superior to his competitors, and now rose to state his claims; evidently convinced, that if they were not acknowledged, it would be owing to the ignorance of his audience, and not to their want of merit.

"Can it be doubted a moment," he said, "that the present possession of arts and sciences, together with refinement of manners, and every luxury the world contains, is a better title to superiority than the having once possessed them? Why boast of learning which has so completely passed away, that the present inhabitants scarcely retain a trace of civilization? Of what avail, either, is a long train of ancestors, when their descendants degenerate from their virtues? Or, why boast of forests, which only inspire their owner with the desire of cutting them down? or of mountains, with the interior of which their possessors are unacquainted? A land of forests and mountains may indeed shelter thousands of wild beasts, but can scarcely be an agreeable habitation for man. If ancestry be, however, necessary, my subjects can prove that they sprung from Japhet, the son of Noah, who was the undoubted father of all now living. And if ancient fame be indispensable, I can reckon two nations, far superior in renown to any you can boast, whose laws and institutions are revered now, and ever will be; and whose language is, to this day, the language of the learned throughout the world. I have mountains, also, which, if not the highest in the world, are inhabited by the bravest people that ever fought for liberty. And what is man with-

out liberty, the parent-nurse of all the nobler feelings in the soul? But it is the superiority of mind possessed by my subjects, that I shall lay the most stress upon; since it is by the mental powers only, that one man can assume a right to govern others. In what is man superior to the brute? Not in strength, surely, but in reason; and it is in the superiority of this reason I lay my claim: a claim which must and will be felt, as long as the world is inhabited by rational beings."

Having finished this speech, king Instructus sat down, with the air of a person who thought it impossible that what he had said could be disputed.

The arguments on all sides having thus been heard, it became necessary to decide the question of precedence, and determine on the respective rank which each was to hold in future. After some deliberation, as it was found impossible to deny the superiority of king Instructus, the first place was unanimously decreed to be his; but both king Senex and king Novus laid claim to the second. Upon enquiring, however, what proof they could each give of their power, king Senex was obliged to acknowledge, that the ancient cities of which he had boasted were now no more, or else in the

power of king Instructus. He still talked much of the antiquity and numerous inhabitants of one of his provinces; but the others refused to give way to a people who were so unsociable as to live only to themselves, and he was therefore forced to give up the point. King Novus, on the contrary, proved that he had lately come off victorious in a contest with Instructus himself; and that, whilst his adversary was daily growing weaker, every year added strength and honour to his free subjects. King Senex being thus obliged to take the third place, the fourth was left for king Servitus, who, in accepting it, only observed with a sigh, that it was a pity kings, who talked so well of reason and liberty, should act with so little regard to either in their conduct towards him.

The affair being thus amicably settled, the kings were about to proceed to the business which brought them together, when king Novus begged to propose that the present arrangement should only last for one century, as he hoped, by that time, to be able to bring forward still higher claims. This proposal being thought reasonable, they all agreed to meet again at the commencement of the next century.

It must not be concealed, that another king wished to be admitted to the meeting; but, as

he could give only a very imperfect account of his principal kingdom, he was not permitted to attend. On retiring, he was heard to remark, that, with the assistance of the subjects of *Instructus*, he had no doubt he should be able to meet them the next century, with a full account of all his possessions.

ARTHUR. What a very amusing enigma, Lindsey. I think I have found out most of it, thanks to king *Novus*; for I instantly thought of *novus* being the Latin for *new*, and so on to the New World, and America. Then, as Asia is the oldest continent, I knew that must be *senex*. But pray, what did he mean by some of his people reckoning their sovereigns before the creation of the world?

LINDSEY. The Chinese commit this absurdity, from a desire to appear a very ancient people; but their chronology is treated with very little respect by other nations. You must allow his claim to having possessed perfect happiness in the Garden of Eden?

ARTHUR. Yes. If I had been king *Servitus*, I would not have omitted so great a hero as Hannibal. I wonder whether he ever went to see the great pyramid, which covers eleven acres of ground.

SOPHIA. I was pleased to hear my favourite Swiss so honourably mentioned.

ARTHUR. Oh! yes. "The bravest people that ever fought for liberty."

LINDSEY. I was rather inclined to give Novus the first place, in consideration of the American war between England and her colonies; and also the South Americans becoming independent of Spain and Portugal.

ARTHUR. You meant that, I suppose, when you said that he had lately come off victorious in a contest with Instructus. But still, I do not think, that merely having possession of his territory, entitled him to precedence over Instructus.

LINDSEY. So I determined; and therefore, you see, I have left him the highest rank for another century. But he must take care, or, king Novus is so aspiring, he will deprive him of his honours at the next meeting.

ARTHUR, (*laughing.*) What a pity you cannot be there to record his triumphs.

SOPHIA. You brought in the new continent, Australia, very well.

LINDSEY. Papa gave me a hint to do that, Sophia.

SOPHIA. Honesty is still better than ingenuity, and I am glad to see you will not take praise which you do not deserve.

ARTHUR. As the poor king was not admitted, I wonder he did not send a petition to

Instructus, to beg him not to make his country the receptacle of his bad subjects, whom he cannot manage himself.

LINDSEY. You allude to Botany Bay: to tell the truth, I quite forgot it.

ARTHUR. But, if I find fault with your enigma, I suppose you will expect mine to be a very good one; therefore, I had better be silent. Indeed, I am rather tired of sitting still so long, and should like to put off reading mine until another time, if you have no objection.

SOPHIA. Not in the least. Let it be to-morrow evening instead.

HISTORIC SCENES.

No. IV.

FATHER. HENRY. CHARLES. MARY.

HENRY. I have prepared a scene, father; but it is not in the English history.

FATHER. That is of no consequence. Let us hear it.

HENRY. A great crowd of people is assembled in a hall of justice, eagerly listening to the trial of two prisoners of interesting appearance. They are young, and the spectators seem to regard them with pity; but the chief object of attention is one of the two judges. The countenance of this man is stern and majestic: while the other judge turns aside to conceal his tears, the features of the first never relax, and, during the whole proceedings, he shows no signs of compassion towards the prisoners. Twelve men, carrying bundles of sticks with an axe in middle, are in attendance, who, on a signal planting judge, seize the culprits,

and bind them. I need not describe their death.

MARY. I do believe I have found out your scene, brother. It is that cruel old Roman who condemned his own sons to die.

HENRY. Right. But why was he so cruel, Mary? and who was he?

MARY. His name was Brutus; but why he was so cruel I do not exactly know, and I do not much care; for I am quite sure he ought not to have killed his own children.

CHARLES. Why, Mary, he was one of the greatest heroes of Rome!

MARY. But he was not a good man, for all that. Was he, papa?

FATHER. Let Charles relate the particulars of the story, and then you will be a better judge of his merits.

CHARLES. Brutus the elder, as he is called, to distinguish him from the Brutus who killed Julius Cæsar, lived in Rome during the reign of Tarquin the Proud, a tyrant under whose government no man of talent or fortune was safe. To escape his suspicions, therefore, and to avoid the fate of his family, all of whom Tarquin had put to death, Brutus pretended to be an idiot; and by this artifice succeeded in eluding the vengeance of the tyrant, until a favourable opportunity occurred of throwing

off the mask. This was at length afforded by the death of Lucretia, whose wrongs exciting the indignation of the people, Brutus seized the moment for assuming his real character. He inveighed against the injustice and cruelty of the Tarquins, roused the Romans to assert their liberty ; and finally succeeded in driving the tyrants from Rome, and establishing a republican form of government. To prevent the return of the Tarquins, a law was passed, making it death to hold any intercourse with them, or their friends.

MARY. And was that the crime of Brutus's sons ?

CHARLES. Yes. They entered into a conspiracy to bring back Tarquin ; but before their plot was ripe for execution, it was fortunately discovered, and the young men were brought before the consuls to answer for their crime. The evidence of their guilt was complete. They could offer no defence ; but it was expected, that, as they were the sons of Brutus, and the nephews of Collatinus, the other consul, the severity of their punishment would be mitigated. Even the people were moved with pity at their untimely fate ; and Collatinus himself interceded in their behalf, but in vain. Brutus was a Roman, and loved his country more than himself. He thought it his duty to

stifle the feelings of a parent, and would not suffer his private affections to interfere with his duty as a judge. While every body else wept, his eye never changed—his voice never faltered; but, with a stern air, he pronounced the fatal sentence, and ordered the lictors to do their duty.

MARY. All very heroic, brother! but I do not like him the better for it.

CHARLES. Not for doing his duty, Mary, when it cost him so dear? You would admire him if he had sacrificed his life for his country; and yet that is nothing, compared to condemning his own children to death.

MARY. But that is so shocking.

HENRY. What is your opinion, father? Ought we to admire Brutus, or not?

FATHER. Before your question can be answered, we must know the motives upon which he acted; and even then, his conduct must not be judged by the mild spirit of Christianity, which teaches us to cherish the virtuous feelings of our nature.

HENRY. But viewing Brutus as a heathen, brought up with the idea that his only duty in life was to serve his country, surely his conduct was very noble.

FATHER. Certainly, if pure patriotism was his motive, and not stoical pride.

CHARLES. We must remember, also, the critical state of Rome at that time. Had not the conspirators met with such signal punishment, it is probable the Tarquins would have renewed their intrigues, and finally succeeded in their attempt. This Brutus knew, and; therefore, as consul, he felt bound to guard the liberties of his country, at whatever price.

FATHER. The behaviour of Brutus during the trial, is differently related. One historian says, his countenance expressed nothing but rage and resentment; whilst another represents him as suffering the acutest horror, and vainly endeavouring to stifle the feelings of a parent. For the sake of your hero, Henry, we will believe the latter account; and then his conduct is indeed a noble example of Roman virtue, though not one I should wish to see you imitate.

MARY. I like Regulus much better than Brutus. We are quite sure what he did was right, and are not puzzled with thinking how much was good, and how much was bad in his actions, which is very disagreeable.

FATHER. And yet there are few actions without this disagreeable mixture, Mary. (*Looking at his watch.*) I see, boys, we have a little time left; I will therefore tell you a scene, which you shall explain to-morrow evening.

CHILDREN. Thank you, father.

FATHER. Imagine a room in the interior of a palace, fitted up with great magnificence. In the centre is a table, loaded with rich viands of every description, at which a person is seated, apparently revelling in the luxuries which surround him. Over his head hangs a naked sword, suspended from the ceiling only by a single hair!

Good night.

THE DESERT ISLAND.

WILLIAM's father lived in a remote part of Wales, far from any market-town, or village; where, excepting a few scattered cottages, no houses could be seen for many miles. Before coming here, the family had resided chiefly in London, so that the change was very striking, and, to William, very delightful; for, like most boys, he was fond of what he called liberty, and liked to roam about the hills and woods without control. These ideas of the pleasures of independence were much strengthened by reading the history of Robinson Crusoe. That interesting tale quite delighted him, and he could think of nothing but the happiness of living alone on a desert island, and rescuing another man Friday from the cannibals.

One day, as William was walking with his father, whilst the adventures of his favourite hero were uppermost in his mind, he suddenly stopped, and looking up eagerly in his father's face, asked, if he ever meant to send him to sea, for he should like to go extremely.

FATHER, (*smiling.*) That you may be shipwrecked, I suppose?

WILLIAM. Oh! father, what made you think of that?

FATHER. A little knowledge I happen to have of your mind, and what passes in it. But come, my boy, be honest, and tell me if I have not guessed the truth.

WILLIAM. You have, father. But I hope there is nothing wrong in wishing to live like Robinson Crusoe?

FATHER. Certainly not; if it ends in wishing, and does not lead you to act contrary to your duty.

WILLIAM. That I am sure it never shall. May I go then, father?

FATHER. Before taking such an important step, let us consider what is your object, and whether you would be sure to attain it by going to sea. Now, if I understand right, you do not want to be a sailor, but only to live on a desert island. Is not that the case?

WILLIAM. Yes, father.

FATHER. But now the chances are ten to one against your being wrecked at all: then, that you should be saved if every body else on board perish, which must be the case, according to your plan, is still less probable; and for all this to occur close to a nice desert island,

without wild beasts to devour you, or savages to attack you, is, to say the least, not very likely to happen.

WILLIAM. It sounds rather improbable, I must confess. And father, you forget, too, that the island must contain food, and I must be able to save just such things as would be most useful to me in my new mode of life. Well, I see the plan will not do, so I must give it up. But, father, would it not be very delightful to live like Robinson Crusoe, alone and independent?

FATHER. It would not suit my taste, my dear, certainly: as to whether you would like it after the first novelty was over, I think you can hardly tell without a trial. (*After a considerable pause.*) My son, I am glad to see you are not amongst the number of those foolish persons, who cannot be convinced by any arguments, in opposition to their inclination. I am, therefore, willing to allow you the opportunity of discovering whether you would really enjoy this kind of life, without putting it out of your power to see your mother and sisters again.

WILLIAM. I could not be happy if I thought I was never more to come home. I wonder I did not think of that before.

FATHER. We will put that out of the question at present, and try the experiment upon

its own ground. Upon a part of my estate you have not yet seen, there is an extensive wood, and some hills beyond, leading to the sea, looking altogether very much like an uninhabited island. Now, I will give you leave to go and live there, and do just what you please. Also, if you will give me a moderate list of the tools you are likely to want, I will furnish you with them. I know that you will meet with no wild beasts there, to devour you; and I think you are old and strong enough to take care of yourself, for a short time, this fine weather. Shall you like to try the experiment?

WILLIAM. Very much indeed, father; and I think I shall be very happy. But there is one thing I forgot. What must I do for food? there is nothing grows wild in England, that I can live upon.

FATHER, (*after considering a little.*) Of course, you will not expect the variety of well-prepared food, daily set before you at home?

WILLIAM, (*with some indignation.*) Father, I am not an epicure, and I hope I never shall be. I only wish for just what will keep me alive.

FATHER. And in health. Well, let me consider. I think you could not cook it yourself, so as to be wholesome; therefore, you shall take a stock of cheese with you, and one of my

labourers, who lives in that direction, shall leave a supply of bread, some cold meat, and as much milk as you can drink whilst it is good, at a place agreed upon, twice a week, which you must fetch.

WILLIAM. Thank you, father. How happy I shall be! But I hope the labourer will not come to my part of the wood, as it would spoil the experiment to see a human being.

FATHER. I think I shall be able to prevent your having any intruders on your solitude. But do not forget to make out your list of tools, and take time to consider well what you are likely to want.

Here the conversation ended. William hastened home, to impart the joyful news of his project to his sisters, and then set about making his important list. He could scarcely sleep at night for thinking of it, and found so many alterations necessary, that it was not until the second day he presented it to his father. It contained the following articles :

Two spades.	An earthen pitcher.
An axe.	Two pocket-knives.
A saw.	Some strong clothing, particularly shoes.
A large supply of nails.	
A blanket.	

William's father approved the list, and pro-

cured all the articles. When every thing was prepared for what William called his Desert Island, he set out with his father, early in the morning, mounted upon his pony, that he might not be tired before beginning his experiment. After proceeding some way, they ascended a high hill, from whence his father showed him the boundaries within which he might consider himself at perfect liberty. The sea, a small stream, and some corn-fields, enclosed his territories.

Having collected together the articles William was to have, and agreed upon a place to which the labourer was to bring the food, his father took the bridle of William's pony, and was ready to return. But William lingered, took leave of his father several times, still found something more to say, and kissed his pony.

"You are not taking leave of me for the last time," said his father, smiling affectionately: "collect your resolution, and exert all your powers of body and mind. Remain here as long as you enjoy it, and, when you are satisfied with the result of your experiment, return home, and we shall be glad to see you again, my boy."

William watched his father out of sight, and then throwing his blanket over his arm, he

determined first to put all his things in a place of safety, and afterwards look out for a convenient habitation. After some search, he met with a tree which suited his purpose. In this he lodged all his goods, and then sat down to consider what would be necessary in his new house. Shelter was the first requisite; but he thought he should find little or no difficulty in driving stakes into the ground, twisting branches between them, and then covering the whole with clay, or thatching it with long grass; therefore, the only question was, where to place it. He thought it would be desirable to have a supply of fresh water near at hand, but a suspicion crossed his mind, whether he should find any. This was an important consideration, and he immediately walked to the stream, and anxiously examined it. The water, alas! was very muddy, and had such a disagreeable taste, that he was convinced it could not be wholesome. As William knew he could not live without having water to drink, he determined instantly to set off in search of some. Prudently taking with him a supply of bread and cheese, he accordingly walked about in various directions, through the wood, and over the hills; but it was not until many hours had been spent in the search, that he at length discovered a little stream amongst the cliffs by





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the sea. The water only just trickled over the pebbles; but it was clear, and had a pleasant taste. William thought it delightful. After drinking a little, and resting himself, he began to consider, once more, where he should place his house. Unfortunately, he could not tell how far he was from the spot where his provisions were to be left, nor in what direction to look for the tree in which he had deposited his stores. This was a misfortune, and he felt it one; for he was now completely tired.

William, however, was a boy of spirit, and not easily daunted. He recalled to his recollection the view he had taken of the country from the top of the hill, with his father; and having resolved what route to pursue, he walked stoutly forward. As it was now necessary to cross a considerable part of the wood, William was careful to notch the trees as he went along, that he might find his way back to the stream the next day. Several times he found he had wandered out of the road; but he persevered, and a little before dark had the pleasure of seeing his blanket hanging over the bough of the tree, in which he had placed it. It will be easily believed he ate a hearty supper; and having made a comfortable bed of his blanket, he slept soundly until pretty late the next morning.

On waking, when his first surprise was over, he felt rather forlorn; and seeing himself half covered with ants and other insects, which had crept upon him during the early part of the morning, he wished his house was built.

"But it is of no use to wish," he exclaimed aloud, at the same time jumping up, and shaking off the insects: "wishing never built a house yet; so I must set to work upon it, as soon as I have had my breakfast."

A good washing would have been refreshing; but the stream was far off, so he must do without. He comforted himself with observing, that "he could not expect to have every thing just as usual." Before finishing his breakfast, however, he determined to erect his house near to the water; because, if he had to fetch it from a distance every day, it would hinder him too much, and his house would never be built. The whole of this day William employed in removing his stores to the spot where his house was to be placed, by the side of the little stream, on the sea-shore. It was a hard day's work, and when night came he was very tired. Again he lay down in the open air; but having made his bed upon a rock, he was this night only visited by the sea-gulls.

William now began to build his house with great activity. In a part of the forest, near

the place he had fixed upon, grew a young tree well calculated for his purpose: upon this he immediately set to work with his axe, felled it, and brought it away in triumph. As William had thought it more independent to make use of a stone, than ask his father for a hammer, he now fetched one from the sea-shore; but upon attempting to hammer with it, he found he was not high enough to reach the top of his pole. At first, he thought of gathering together a heap of stones to stand upon; but, on recollecting that he should have to move them, every time he wanted to hammer in a different place, he gave up that plan. "I must dig a deep hole, then," said William, "put my pole in, and fill it up again." This proved a much more easy task, for the soil was loose and sandy; and when he came to the hard rock, William fancied he had dug deep enough, and gave over.

It is not necessary to describe every day's work separately. William fetched his provisions regularly, and continued to labour hard at his house, until the stakes were all fixed in the ground, pretty nearly in the form of a square; some of them having forks at the top, for the purpose of receiving cross poles for the roof. But how to construct this roof was an important question. A flat one was the easiest to make, but he knew it would be liable to let

in the rain; therefore, after a little hesitation, he determined to have his roof sloping. But when, after many days of hard labour, he had prepared his poles ready, he found, to his sad mortification, that the stakes would not stand whilst he attempted to drive in the necessary nails; they gave way, and he fell with them to the ground.

Fortunately, William was not materially hurt, and he was too brave a boy to mind a few bruises. Still the disaster was very disheartening, and he did not know how to remedy it. He was weary, and it was too late to do any thing more that night; he therefore sat down on the rock, and ate his supper, and then rolled himself up in his blanket for the night; hoping he should be able to think of some better plan for building his house, the next morning.

Hitherto the weather had been extremely favourable. Not a drop of rain had fallen; but this night there was a heavy shower, which wet William completely through. He awoke, and instantly endeavoured to run to the wood for shelter; but the night was extremely dark, and poor William, mistaking his way, stumbled, and fell down the steep side of the cliff. He was a good deal hurt; but quickly recovering himself, and exclaiming, "perseverance against fortune," he scrambled up again with some

difficulty, and walking on with more caution, at length reached a tree, in which he passed the remainder of the night.

The next day was cloudy, the ground wet, and the wind high; and as William had caught cold from sleeping in the rain, he felt very uncomfortable, and unwilling to exert himself. He looked in despair at the house he had begun, if house it might be called; for the poles lay scattered about, and the stakes were blown down; plainly showing, that even had the house been finished, it would not have been firm enough to resist a gust of wind. This, after so many days of toil and hard labour, was a grievous disappointment, and poor William had a hard battle to fight in his own mind; but resolution gained the victory, and he resolved to persevere.

"I will not give up my experiment," he said to himself, "because I meet with a few obstacles. I wanted to try whether I should like this kind of life, and that I have not found out yet; therefore, I will not be driven home by the first shower of rain, but endeavour to build a better house."

Many schemes passed through William's mind, as he sat in his tree, eating his soaked bread and cheese. The milk had been thrown down by the wind; and at last he determined

to give up the advantage of having his habitation near a supply of water, and try to find some trees growing near enough to each other to be connected together with boughs, and thus serve for the walls of his house. These boughs he knew it would be necessary to cover with clay or heath, to enable his walls to keep out the inclemencies of the weather ; and as he was by this time become more cautious, he resolved, before beginning his work, to examine his dominions carefully, and see if these materials were to be found.

Three days were spent in this search ; but he could meet with nothing that answered his purpose, and he was therefore obliged to give up all thoughts of building a house, and content himself with a cave. He consoled himself for his disappointment, by recollecting that Robinson Crusoe had only a cave, for a long while ; and after all, as he merely wanted a place of shelter, a properly-built house was not at all necessary.

It would be tedious to describe minutely all the obstacles William had to encounter in his new undertaking, by the hard rock breaking his tools, or the sandy soil falling in : it is sufficient to say, that the difficulties he met with were such, and so many, that most boys would have been disheartened. William, however,

persevered in his work, and at length found himself in possession of a cave, just large enough to shelter himself and his goods from the weather. He made a large wooden door, to place before the opening at night, or when it rained; and now, having a house, food, and clothing, he had plenty of leisure to roam about and enjoy himself.

This was the happy life he had looked forward to; but he was surprised to find he had already walked over the hills and woods so often, whilst occupied in seeking materials for his house, that it no longer gave him pleasure; and two days of sauntering about, doing nothing, was amply sufficient to tire him of that way of life. He wanted an object—something to feel anxious about. He contrived several small improvements in his cave; but when these were finished, he wanted some one to admire them with him. He began to think how happy he should be if he had some companions, and with this view he attempted to tame the sea-gulls; but, unfortunately, they did not like the food he offered them, and his efforts failed. He next collected the pretty pebbles scattered along the beach; but when he had gathered together a great heap, he did not know what to do with them. Still he got

through day after day, determined to give his experiment a fair trial; and hoping he should like his new mode of life better, when he was more used to it.

One night, as he lay down on his blanket sooner than usual, not feeling sleepy, he began to talk aloud, to shake off a feeling of loneliness, which was apt to creep over him when he remained silent for any length of time.

"I certainly am not so happy here as I used to be at home. I never laugh: I am afraid I shall forget how. Let me try. He tried; but it did not feel quite natural. Well," he continued, "I see no use in remaining here, if I do not like it; but then, as this experiment is to last my whole life, I must be quite sure that I have tried it fairly, or it will do me no good. I know what I will do. I will make a resolute promise to myself, that I will not return home until this day month; and then I shall feel as though I really were on a desert island, and could not get away, and that will be a fair trial."

Having come to this determination, he slept soundly all night; but upon opening his door the next morning, he found it rained so hard, that he was obliged to shut it again immediately, to prevent his cave from being flooded. All that day, and the next, the rain

continued to fall in torrents, and poor William had nothing to do; for he was forced to stop up every crevice, in order to keep out the wet, and consequently was almost in total darkness. He heartily wished himself at home; but William was not a boy to break his promise, though made only to himself. It would have been more prudent, perhaps, to have made it conditionally.

As day after day passed slowly away, William was more and more convinced that he should not like to spend the winter in his Desert Island. The days became shorter, the weather more rainy, and William more weary of being Robinson Crusoe. He thought the hills were grown barren; the woods were difficult to walk in; and there was no use in scrambling down every day to the beach: so he sat still on the cliff till he was tired; then he got up and walked, he did not care where, until he was tired of that also.

At length the happy day came which set him free from his promise. He joyfully took leave of his cave, collected together what he could best carry, and walked fast towards that home he now felt he loved better than ever.

We pass over the happy meeting, which gave equal pleasure to all parties. William thanked his father for permitting him to try this experi-

ment, which, he believed, would make him steady for life; and he said, he was now quite willing to apply immediately to whatever employment his father wished him to pursue.

FATHER. All in good time, my boy. You must recover your good looks, in the first place. But now sit down, and tell us your adventures.

WILLIAM. Yes, father; but let me ask you one question. Here was I, furnished with every thing I wanted, and yet met with so many difficulties in building a house: how, then, could Robinson Crusoe construct one so easily, and succeed in every thing he undertook? I do not, I think, want perseverance.

FATHER. You do not. But the story of Robinson Crusoe is a fiction; and then it is easy to pretend all things were at hand, which were wanted to carry on the tale.

WILLIAM. A fiction! I always believed it to be a true history.

FATHER. It is true there really was a man of the name of Alexander Selkirk, who was left, by his enemies, on the island of Juan Fernandez. But, had the real truth been given, the effect produced would have been very different, for his life was far from being happy. You, however, have tried the experiment for yourself; and, to judge by your appearance,

your time has not passed so comfortably as at home.

WILLIAM. Indeed it has not. It was well for me, father, you did not consent to my rash scheme of going to sea.

FATHER. My children may feel assured that I always have their real interest at heart, even when I seem to oppose it. Many things appear very different at a distance, from what they will do when attained. A parent knows this, and should endeavour to make his experience useful to his children.

WILLIAM. And children should thankfully take advantage of it. We cannot always try our experiments with so little risk as I have done. But, father, I hope you do not think my perseverance was obstinacy?

FATHER. By no means. You did right to persevere until convinced of your mistake, which, I think, you now are.

WILLIAM. Yes, father, quite convinced that I shall never again wish to live on a desert island.

LECTURE ON THE PUMP.

*LINDSEY and ARTHUR coming into the room where
their sister SOPHIA is sitting at work.*

ARTHUR. I am very glad you are at work, Sophia, for we are quite puzzled. Lindsey cannot explain it at all; but I dare say you can, since you have been studying that great book so long.

SOPHIA. But what is it that puzzles you?

LINDSEY. We have been examining the pump, and cannot find out why moving the handle up and down, brings the water out at the spout. We fetched a stool to stand upon; but all we could see was, that it moved an iron rod inside. Will you explain it to us, Sophia?

SOPHIA. I have no objection; but I am afraid the explanation will take some time, and I do not know how large a stock of patience you have prepared for the occasion.

LINDSEY. Oh! I have plenty of patience, and I should like extremely to know how a pump works.

ARTHUR. And so should I. And I should

like to explain it to papa, and then he will put his hand upon my head, and say: "That's right, my boy, always take pains to learn every thing clearly." He told us, yesterday, not to put our eyes and understandings in our pockets; so now mine are in their right places, ready for you to begin.

SOPHIA. In the first place, then, do you know what a valve is?

ARTHUR. No.

SOPHIA. Then take this card, and cut a round hole in it, the size of a shilling; and, Lindsey, do you cut another piece of card, the size of a penny.

LINDSEY. Here they are.

SOPHIA. Now, when I put the round piece of card, the size of a penny, over the hole the size of a shilling, you see it entirely covers it. I will sew it down on one side, so that it can open a little way, but not fall back. There, now you see that, if any thing pushes it upwards, it can open the valve very easily, and come through; but, any thing coming down upon it, shuts the valve down, and cannot pass through.

ARTHUR. So, this little door is called a valve. I understand it perfectly.

SOPHIA. Do you know what it is called,

when a space is quite empty, not even containing air?

LINDSEY. A vacuum. We both understand that, because it is explained in "Harry and Lucy."

SOPHIA. If you will bring me my portfolio, I can show you the drawing of a pump, which will make it more easy to explain. (*Arthur fetches the portfolio.*) Thank you. Now, do not think of the rest of the drawing, because we are talking only about the pump at present. The handle is not drawn; but I think you said that you saw how it moved the iron rod inside, up and down the pump.

LINDSEY. Yes; but we want to know what is the use of its going up and down, and what it is called?

SOPHIA. It is called a piston-rod. To the lower end of it is fastened a small leathern bucket, with a valve in the middle, opening upwards. This bucket has an iron rim covered with leather, and is made to fit the pump-tree exactly; so that, when it moves up and down, the water cannot pass between them.

ARTHUR. Then this black line, marked (*d*), is the piston-rod; and this fork at the bottom reaches on each side to the rim. The valve, I see, is open.

SOPHIA. The pump-tree, or the wooden

part which you call the pump, goes straight down underground to a well, and is bored all the way down as you see at the top. Now, Lindsey, if I make a vacuum in this pipe, as we may call the pump-tree, what will happen?

LINDSEY. The air will press upon the water in the well, and send it up the pipe; because the water in the well is pressed down every where, except where the pipe is.

SOPHIA. That is quite right. Now, to keep this vacuum when made, and yet to allow the water to pass, a valve is fitted into the pipe, rather lower than the piston can reach when the pump-handle is lifted up, and the bucket is as low as it can go. Must this valve open upwards, or downwards?

ARTHUR. Upwards; and I believe I have found it all out, Sophia. When the bucket is lifted up, the valve in the bottom of it shuts down; and, as you say the rim of the bucket fits close to the pipe, there would be a vacuum under it; so that the water in the pipe below could push up the lower valve, and fill the space between it and the bucket. The water would still rise from the well, and keep the pipe full.

SOPHIA. Very clearly explained. I am glad to see your understanding is in its right place, Arthur. Now, Lindsey, let me see whether yours is. Tell me what will happen next.

LINDSEY. The bucket must come down again; then, as the lower valve will shut directly, the water will open the valve in the bucket, and pass through. Now, when the bucket is lifted up again, it carries up the water that was above it, which runs out at the spout.

SOPHIA. And that lifting up of the bucket will produce another vacuum; or rather, it will allow the water to rise from the well again; for it does not wait until the bucket has reached the top, before the lower valve opens.

ARTHUR. But, Sophia, why does uncle Lindsey have a well and a bucket, which he is afraid of our using, instead of a pump, which is quite safe, and which it is so much easier to work?

SOPHIA. Uncle Lindsey has been obliged to dig very deep, before he could meet with any water. I believe the chain of his bucket is one hundred feet long; and, you recollect, the weight of the air is never sufficient, at any time, to support a column of water more than thirty-five feet high.

ARTHUR. Then how deep may a well be, to ensure a good supply of water all the year round?

SOPHIA. The pump-tree should not be more than twenty-eight feet deep. But you forget, the bucket cannot bring up water if the well

contains none; and, therefore, some pumps are liable to be dry in summer, when there has been no rain for a long time. This is very injurious, because leather shrinks when dry, and if the bucket does not fit tight, it will not produce a vacuum. The valves, also, being made of leather, become stiff, and will not work readily.

LINDSEY. Will you tell me what wood the pump-tree should be made of; and why papa said, the other day, that our pump would be spoiled, if it were not painted?

SOPHIA. Oak is the most durable wood; but elm, which is cheaper, answers very well for the part which is underground. Paint contains a great deal of oil, which causes the rain to run off, instead of penetrating the wood, which is liable to decay when exposed to frequent extremes of wet and dry. And now do you understand the action of a pump?

ARTHUR. Yes, I do, perfectly. Thank you, Sophia; and you shall hear what a good description I will give papa of it after tea.

LINDSEY. And so do I, quite; and I am sure we are much obliged to you, Sophia, for explaining it. But pray do not put away your work, for I want sadly to know what the rest of this picture means. I would not let my eyes stray away from the pump whilst you were talk-

ing ; so pray tell me what it is, now you have finished.

SOPHIA. It is a steam-engine.

ARTHUR. A steam-engine! the very thing I have long wanted to understand. Will you explain that to us, Sophia?

SOPHIA. Yes, my dear Arthur; but not at this time. I am glad, Lindsey, you can command your attention, and think only of the subject before you; therefore, if you and Arthur like to come to me to-morrow, at the same hour, I will try to make you understand the wonders of a steam-engine.

LECTURE ON THE STEAM-ENGINE.

PART I.

SOPHIA. LINDSEY. ARTHUR.

LINDSEY. We are come to remind you of your promise, Sophia, to explain a steam-engine to us. I hope you are not busy.

SOPHIA. Not too busy to perform my promise. Therefore, Arthur, if you will bring the drawing we had yesterday to explain the pump with, I will show you the plan of an atmospheric steam-engine.

ARTHUR, (*placing the drawing on the table.*) Here is the plate. Look, Lindsey! this (A) is fire, I am sure.

LINDSEY. And (B) has water in it; but it is not full. Now, Sophia, we are quite ready.

SOPHIA. (C) is called a cylinder, and is intended to represent a round, iron vessel, cut in half lengthwise, that you may see the inside. Tell me, Arthur, is a cylinder round every way, like a globe?

ARTHUR. No, like a piece cut off a round

pipe; and this is split down the middle, and only one half left. But what is (D)? It goes quite across, near to the top.

SOPHIA. That is the piston, and moves up and down in the cylinder, which it fits so exactly, as to be steam-tight. The piston is round, like a penny, though it does not seem so in the plate, because you can only see the edge. Now, fancy a fire lighted under the boiler (B), which is closed in on every side: what would happen?

LINDSEY. The upper part would be filled with steam; and if the cock, which I see marked (P), were to be opened, the steam would fill the cylinder as high as the piston. But I do not yet understand what good that would do.

SOPHIA. You see the reservoir (M), and the pipe from it. Now, if the cock (N) be opened, water will rush into the cylinder from that reservoir, and condense the steam. I think you know what *condense* means.

LINDSEY. Yes, turn it into water again, which takes up very little room compared with steam; and then you are going to say, that the remainder of the space will be a vacuum.

SOPHIA. Quite right: (N) must be shut again immediately. Observe, the top of the cylinder is open, therefore, when there is nothing to support the piston, the weight of the air presses it down with great force. I hope

you remember reading, in "Harry and Lucy," about the weight of air.

ARTHUR. Yes, it was nearly fifteen pounds weight upon every square inch; then, as the top of this cylinder must contain many square inches, the piston would come down just as though a great many fifteen pounds were suddenly placed upon it.

LINDSEY. After that, I suppose (P) must be opened, and the steam will push the piston up again; then (P) is shut, and (N) opened, to produce a vacuum, and down it comes, and so on. But I should have thought the cylinder would be full of water, in time.

SOPHIA. The water is carried off by the pipe (O). Now look carefully at the plate, and you will perceive, that when the piston comes down, the piston-rod, (E), fastened to the chain, (F), will pull down one end of the engine-beam, (G), which, turning upon a pivot, (K), lifts up the other end, (H), and this works the piston-rod of a pump, to bring the water out of a mine, for which purpose steam-engines were originally invented.

ARTHUR. Is the water particularly good?

SOPHIA. It was not for the sake of the water; but it was found, that when mines were worked to a considerable depth, they soon became inundated with water, and, unless it could

be pumped out, the mines, of course, must be entirely given up.

LINDSEY. Sophia, will you tell me what this is, which seems fixed to the piston-rod, and is marked (L)?

SOPHIA. The cold water used in condensing the steam, cools the cylinder so much, as to take from the power of the next supply of steam; so that, though it can overcome the pressure of the air, it is not sufficiently strong to raise the piston, therefore a weight is hung upon the pump piston-rod, (*d*), to draw up the piston in the cylinder by depressing (H). Cooling the cylinder is a great drawback upon its usefulness; and the late Mr. Watt invented another method of condensing steam, which is so great an improvement, that engines, such as the one I have been describing, are no longer used. But I thought you would understand the principle better from this, which is so extremely simple.

LINDSEY. Thank you, dear Sophia. I do understand the principle perfectly. But will you tell me what these two little pipes are, which seem to be standing up in the boiler?

SOPHIA. Those pipes enable the master to know, at any time, how much water there is in the boiler, by only turning the cocks. If it contain the proper quantity, steam will issue

from the shortest, because the water ought not to be high enough to reach it: but, from the longest, water ought to flow; for, if the water has sunk below the bottom of that pipe, there is danger of its being all evaporated, and then the fire would soon destroy the boiler. But there is still one thing you have not remarked.

ARTHUR. It is that queer thing marked (S).

SOPHIA. Steam becomes more powerful when heated to a greater degree, or, rather, it expands more, and therefore requires more room; and, in several of the first engines, the boilers burst in consequence, and did great injury. So, to prevent this danger, a small hole was made in the boiler, provided with a plug, which fitted steam-tight, but which the steam could raise, and thus escape. That it might not escape too easily, a small iron rod was placed over it, and fastened to the boiler at one end by a hinge: at the other end was hung a weight, calculated to make less resistance than the boiler is capable of without danger.

ARTHUR. Then this is a safety-valve, which I have so often heard papa mention; and the steam can lift up that and escape, before it is able to burst the boiler.

SOPHIA. There are many beams necessary to support the cylinder, and pipes to convey

water to the reservoir and boiler, and also a chimney; but they are left out in this plate, that it might be clearer. This is called an atmospheric steam-engine, because it is moved by the weight of the air, or atmosphere.

LINDSEY. Are there any other kinds of steam-engines?

SOPHIA. Yes. The late Mr. Watt made very great improvements in these engines; but the one I have explained to you is the easiest to understand. If you remember this clearly, I shall be glad to show you a plate of another kind of engine, which, you will find, has much more power than the one you have now been examining.

LECTURE ON THE STEAM-ENGINE.

PART II.

SOPHIA. LINDSEY. ARTHUR.

ARTHUR. Sophia, we are come to hear about the other steam-engine, which we are very anxious to understand.

SOPHIA. So, you have taken your seats, and fetched the plate, and expect me to begin, I perceive.

LINDSEY. Because mamma said you were not very busy, and she thought you would not mind being interrupted; and she added something about your being very good-natured, to which we both agreed.

ARTHUR. Besides, you said I described the atmospheric steam-engine to papa so clearly, that I deserved to have another explained.

SOPHIA. Plenty of good reasons! Well, where is the drawing?

LINDSEY. Here. But I see no boiler.

SOPHIA. I have not drawn the boiler, (which,

in this engine, is not placed under the cylinder,) nor the engine-beam, because I thought you understood that part perfectly.

ARTHUR. If you will show us where the steam comes in, we can fancy the rest; for I am sure (E) is the piston-rod, which will pull down one end of the engine-beam, and then the other end must come up, and the pump-piston with all the water above it.

SOPHIA. The steam comes from the boiler through the pipe (B), and, if the valve at (G) be open, and (H) shut, the steam must go above the piston, and force it down; whilst, at the same time, a vacuum is produced beneath, that there may be no resistance. You must observe, that the top of this cylinder is closed, not open like the last. Even the hole through which the piston passes is made steam-tight, and called a stuffing-box.

LINDSEY. Pray do not pass over the vacuum. I have been thinking it over, but I cannot contrive to condense the steam without something cold, and that cold thing will cool the cylinder.

SOPHIA. But suppose you take the steam somewhere else to be condensed: will not that do as well? You know that steam, like air, will rush into a vacuum. Do you see in the plate two cylinders, standing in water? (M) has a piston with valves opening upwards.

ARTHUR. Then, if the rod (L) pushed down the piston, the valves would open, and whatever was in (M) would open the valves, and go above the piston, which might carry it up to the top, and let it run out at (N), only the end of (N) seems to be shut.

SOPHIA. It is furnished with a valve opening outwards, which will therefore suffer the water to run out of (M), but will not allow the water from the cistern to enter. There is another valve of the same kind at (R). Now, if a vacuum be formed in the condenser, (O), and the valve (I) be opened, the steam will rush through (T) into (O), in which a small stream of water is kept constantly playing, to condense it as fast as it arrives.

LINDSEY. I see now what you will do with the water. When it has fallen to the bottom of the condenser, it will run through (R), open the valve, and enter (M). When the piston comes down, the water will open those valves, and the piston carry it up to (N), where it will run out.

SOPHIA. But when the piston came down, why did not the water rush back into the condenser?

ARTHUR. Because the valve at (R) only opens one way, and therefore, the more the water presses against it, the firmer it shuts. I

suppose the piston (M) fits tight, and will make a vacuum when it goes up. But what moves it up and down?

SOPHIA. (L) is fastened to the engine-beam, not far from (E.) Look at the plate of the atmospheric engine, and fancy it fixed on the beam a little behind (G). You see that, when (D) is at the top of the cylinder, (M) will also be at the top of the air-pump, and so cause a vacuum in (O); therefore, the instant the valve (I) is opened, the steam will leave the cylinder, and be condensed.

LINDSEY. And the steam coming through the valve (G) will press down the piston. But, Sophia, what lifts up the piston?

SOPHIA. When the piston reaches the bottom of the cylinder, (G) and (I) are shut, and (H) open, which allows the steam to pass through (S), and come below the piston: this removes all resistance, and the weight at the other end of the beam raises it, as in the atmospheric engine. Now, Arthur, can you tell me how the engine will act?

ARTHUR. (H) must be shut, and (I) opened; then the steam will go into the condenser, and leave a vacuum in the cylinder, and (G) must be opened at the same time, when the steam will go above the piston, and push it down. As soon as it is at the bottom, (G) and (I) are to

be shut, and (H) opened: the weight at the other end of the engine-beam will then raise it up again, and so on, all day, I suppose. There is more to think of in this than in the last; but I believe I understand it now.

LINDSEY. What are these crooked things, Sophia, that reach from the piston-rod to the valves?

SOPHIA. They are called tappets, and are so contrived, that little pegs, fixed upon (L), move them up and down, and, by that means, open and shut the valves exactly at the right time. They work upon pivots fixed into the wooden beam, (F), which is not connected with the engine-beam, and therefore does not move up and down as (L) and (E) do. I am afraid you cannot understand how they open the valves, because, in the plate, they are supposed to be fastened behind, to the little pivots with two spikes which lift the valve. The valves now used in the best engines are different; but I cannot explain them until you have seen an engine.

LINDSEY. I suppose this pillar of brick is to support the engine-beam. But why is the water in the cistern divided off at the corner?

SOPHIA. The water that is to condense the steam should be kept very cold, and therefore, the water from the air-pump, which has become

and not because it is your duty to relieve the distressed, you are only following your inclination, which, in that case, happens to be good.

MARY. Then I might as well have staid at home this morning, mamma?

MRS. D. No; your eagerness to assist Dame Goodby was laudable. I by no means wish to discourage your present feelings of pleasure in performing your duty; only, my dear, guard against making that the sole end and aim of your conduct.

MARY. Mamma, I wonder all people are not charitable?

MRS. D. Are you charitable, Mary?

MARY. I! mamma: surely I am charitable!

MRS. D. I hope you will be, Mary; but I own I cannot see in what way you are charitable, at present.

MARY. Dear! mamma. Why, this morning, you know, I carried all the clothes we had been making for Dame Goodby, and gave them to her. I am sure she said I was a nice, charitable young lady. Indeed, mamma, *charitable* was her own word.

MRS. D. Very likely. But, Mary, what is charity?

MARY. Giving away money, or clothes, or

SOPHIA. I will try. Mr. Watt first applied steam at the top of the piston, and produced a vacuum beneath, as you have seen; then, to raise the piston, he introduced steam at the bottom, and caused a vacuum at the top, by opening a valve in a pipe which led to the condenser. This is called the double power steam-engine.

LINDSEY. But I should think the chain which connects the piston-rod with the engine-beam would give way, when the piston-rod was pushed up.

SOPHIA. It would, and therefore in these engines a chain cannot be used. The method employed is called a parallel motion; but I cannot make you understand it by description.

LINDSEY. Do you think, Sophia, we understand every thing except the parallel motion?

SOPHIA. No: there are a great many things which I have said nothing about. I have only attempted to make you understand the principle upon which a steam-engine works, in order that, when you see one, you may be able to understand it with a little explanation.

SECOND DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MRS. DAVY AND MARY.

MRS. DAVY. *MARY coming into the room, with a basket on her arm.*

MARY. Mamma, I have been to Dame Goodby's with the clothes and wine.

MRS. D. And how does she do to-day?

MARY. Pretty well, mamma; and so grateful for what I took her! Do you know, she said I was a sweet little angel. And you — I forgot, Ma'am, what she called you.

MRS. D. No matter. Is her little girl better?

MARY. Yes, I believe so; but I had to try on her new frock, and the child was so pleased, and courtesied, and thanked me so, that—— that——

MRS. D. You were too much taken up with listening to your own praises, to attend to any thing else.

MARY, (*blushing.*) No, indeed, I was not. But really, mamma, you cannot think how grateful the poor creature was: she said it was so good of me to bring the things myself.

MRS. D. Dame Goodby has a humble and grateful heart, which makes her overrate any little kindness that is shown her. But, my dear, do not say, "the poor creature," when speaking of a person in distress, as though you were so very superior.

MARY, (*after a pause.*) Mamma, it is very delightful to be charitable. Do not you think so?

MRS. D. Yes. But if we are charitable only because it is delightful, our charity is not a virtue, Mary.

MARY. How do you mean, mamma?

MRS. D. There is no more merit in being charitable, Mary, merely for the sake of being thanked for it, than there is in making a present to a companion, or doing any thing else we we feel a pleasure in.

MARY. But, surely, mamma, giving away things is charity.

MRS. DAVY. Generally speaking it is; but whether or not you will be rewarded for it hereafter, must depend upon the motive on which you act. If it be only to gratify your feelings,

and not because it is your duty to relieve the distressed, you are only following your inclination, which, in that case, happens to be good.

MARY. Then I might as well have staid at home this morning, mamma?

MRS. D. No; your eagerness to assist Dame Goodby was laudable. I by no means wish to discourage your present feelings of pleasure in performing your duty; only, my dear, guard against making that the sole end and aim of your conduct.

MARY. Mamma, I wonder all people are not charitable?

MRS. D. Are you charitable, Mary?

MARY. I! mamma: surely I am charitable!

MRS. D. I hope you will be, Mary; but I own I cannot see in what way you are charitable, at present.

MARY. Dear! mamma. Why, this morning, you know, I carried all the clothes we had been making for Dame Goodby, and gave them to her. I am sure she said I was a nice, charitable young lady. Indeed, mamma, *charitable* was her own word.

MRS. D. Very likely. But, Mary, what is charity?

MARY. Giving away money, or clothes, or

wine, or any thing, mamma; and subscribing to hospitals and such things: all that is charity.

MRS. D. Then, if I were to meet a poor man without a hat, and give him your father's hat, I should be very charitable.

MARY, (*laughing.*) No, mamma, not unless you bought papa a new one, for it would not be your own hat to give.

MRS. D. True. Then it seems, if I give away what is not my own, I am not charitable?

MARY. Certainly not, mamma.

MRS. D. And which of the articles you took Dame Goodby this morning, was your own, Mary?

MARY, (*after thinking a little.*) None of them. I see now, I was not charitable this morning. But, mamma, I have heard you say, that to give time and labour is equal to giving money: now, I helped to make some of the clothes.

MRS. D. But was it your play-time, Mary?

MARY. No, mamma.

MRS. D. Then, still, the time was not your own; and as to the labour, I see no difference in working at a child's frock, or sewing up the seam of a shirt. In fact, I dare say you liked it the best of the two.

MARY. But, mamma, there was the long walk this hot day, when I might have gone with

a new one. But, Mary, what do you say to the five-pence at the pastry-cook's: was that a necessary expense?

MARY. No, not absolutely necessary, mamma; but I was so hungry.

MRS. D. Very likely; yet, as we were then near home, you would not have suffered much by waiting a quarter of an hour longer.

MARY. Not much, to be sure; but a little, mamma.

MRS. D. True; and without giving up something, you cannot be charitable. The question is, Which do you like best, to indulge in buying these trifles, which please you for a day or two; or to lay out your money in making a fellow-creature happy, and saving a family from want?

MARY. Mamma, I will never spend my money so foolishly again. I never thought of all this before.

MRS. D. Now, dear, you see "why all people are not charitable." It is partly from selfishness, and partly because, like you, they do not think about it.

MARY. But, indeed, mamma, I shall think about it now; and I hope I am not selfish.

MRS. D. Remember the widow's mite; and never be ashamed of doing a little, when you cannot properly do more. Giving money is

only one way of being charitable: there are many others equally necessary to be practised. But we have talked enough on the subject now; so go and put away your bonnet, that you may read this new book I have bought for you.

MARY. A new book! oh! thank you, mamma. I shall be ready directly;—before you can count twenty. (*Mary runs out of the room.*)

HISTORIC SCENES.

No. V.

FATHER. HENRY. CHARLES. MARY.

CHARLES. We have found out your scene, father. It is Damocles, and Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse.

FATHER. Let us have your explanation.

CHARLES. Damocles was one day envying the situation of Dionysius, and wishing he was in his place, to be able to enjoy so many luxuries every day; when the tyrant heard him, and resolved that for once his desire should be gratified. He accordingly had a very splendid feast prepared, and, sending for Damocles, gave him permission to do exactly as he pleased for the night; and, in fact, to try to fancy himself Dionysius. Damocles was overjoyed at the proposal, and sat down to table in perfect raptures with his new dignity. He thought himself the happiest of human beings, when, happening to raise his eyes, he beheld with horror a drawn sword hanging

from the ceiling, directly over his head, fastened by a single hair! All his enjoyment, of course, vanished in an instant. Seized with consternation, he started up, and was rushing out of the palace, when Dionysius appeared, and relieved his apprehensions. He told him his life was safe, and that he had only taken this method of convincing him how little the lot of a tyrant was to be envied, since, though to the world he might seem possessed of every thing which could confer happiness, he was, in fact, a miserable being, tortured with apprehensions, in the constant dread of plots and conspiracies, and over whom death hung suspended by a single hair.

FATHER. A useful lesson to all succeeding tyrants. And now, who has another scene ready?

HENRY. Both Charles and I have prepared one. Shall I tell mine first?

FATHER. Yes.

HENRY. There is a crowd of seamen assembled on the beach of a small island, looking as though they were just escaped from a vessel which lies wrecked in sight. Whilst the natives are kindly welcoming them on shore, one man, unlike the rest in dress and feature, is busied in gathering some sticks together, and heaping them on a fire which he has just kindled on

the shore. As he is thus employed, a poisonous viper suddenly springs from the burning wood, and fastens on his arm: the man calmly shakes it off, and remains uninjured, to the great astonishment of his companions, who regard him with mingled feelings of awe and admiration.

CHARLES, (*smiling.*) I suppose you do not expect to puzzle us with St. Paul shipwrecked at Melita?

HENRY. I was afraid there was no chance of your not guessing it. But please to give us your explanation, brother, that *I may be quite sure you know it.*

MARY. Surely, papa, this scene need not be explained; for indeed I know the history of St. Paul.

FATHER. I have no doubt you do, my dear; and therefore, unless Henry is very suspicious of Charles's knowledge in such an important branch of history, we will proceed to the next scene.

HENRY. Well, I consent to excuse you, Charles; so now for your scene.

CHARLES. I wish I had chosen a more difficult one, to punish your sauciness. My scene represents the interior of a spacious tent, in which, stretched on a couch, lies a man apparently dangerously ill. He holds in one hand.

a cup, in the other a letter, which he presents to a person standing by his bed-side. Having given the letter, he deliberately drinks off the draught, at the same time fixing his eyes on his attendant, who reads the letter with marks of strong indignation in his countenance.

HENRY. Pray, is not the sick gentleman Alexander the Great, and the person in attendance his physician, Philip?

CHARLES. Yes; but you must not expect me to excuse your relating the anecdote.

HENRY. During Alexander's expedition into Persia, he one day came to the bank of a river, remarkable for its beauty and the extreme coldness of its waters. The weather was intensely hot; and having, besides, had a fatiguing march, Alexander could not resist the temptation of bathing.

MARY. How imprudent!

HENRY. Prudence was never one of Alexander's virtues; but at this time he paid dearly for his rashness. Scarcely had he plunged into the stream, when he was seized with a violent disorder, which deprived him of all power to help himself. From this dangerous situation he was fortunately rescued by his attendants, who brought him out of the water, and carried him, nearly senseless, to his tent. Here, gentle remedies were immediately applied, but with-

out effect; and the court physicians, knowing that the army would make them answerable for the life of their beloved commander, dare not prescribe those strong measures which could alone be of any use in such a desperate case. The violence of the disease increased, and Alexander would have been left to his fate, but for the tried fidelity and courage of one man. Philip had been the king's physician from his earliest years, and loved him as a son: he now came forward, and offered to give him a medicine which he desired three days to prepare. During this interval, Alexander received a letter from Parmenio, a favourite general, at that time absent on a distant expedition, informing him that Philip had been bribed by Darius, the Persian king, to poison him.

MARY. I hope Alexander did not believe it.

HENRY. No. At this period of his life, Alexander was too just, to suspect a man who had been faithful to him from his childhood, of such horrid treachery. He placed the letter under his pillow, without communicating its contents to any one. At the expiration of the three days, Philip entered the royal tent, with the medicine in his hand, and offered it to the king. Alexander took it, and giving him at the same time Parmenio's letter, desired him read it; whilst he attentively watched his counte-

nance, to see if he discovered any signs of guilt. Philip, however, felt nothing but indignation at being suspected of such a crime; and scarcely deigning to exculpate himself from the charge, he desired Alexander to drink the medicine without fear. Convinced of his innocence, the king instantly drank it; but at first was so ill, that it seemed the effect of poison. However, he soon recovered; and in a few days was so perfectly restored, as to be able once more to appear at the head of his army.

MARY. I should like to have been Philip. How glad he must have been when Alexander recovered.

CHARLES. What a pity it was, father, that Alexander did not continue unsuspicious, and just to his friends.

FATHER. He was spoilt by flattery and the possession of unbounded power. Besides which, ambition is naturally selfish, and seldom cares for the sufferings it inflicts.

HENRY. I know that "Macedonia's madman" is no favourite of yours, father; but surely, in this instance, you must allow he acted very nobly?

FATHER. Very *justly*, he did.

HENRY. Oh! Sir, is that all the merit you give him?

FATHER. Would it not have been very

unjust to have suspected a man whom he had loved and revered from his childhood, of the base crime of poisoning him, merely on a vague accusation, without proof? Remember, too, that, unless Philip had been more than commonly depraved, he must have shown some symptoms of remorse, if he had been guilty, when Parmenio's letter was put into his hands at the very moment he was in the act of committing the horrid crime.

HENRY. But he showed none, which fully convinced the king of his integrity. Still, father, I think, few men would have acted like Alexander, in such trying circumstances.

FATHER. I think so too; though the confidence he reposed in Philip was not more than justice to his character demanded. Yet, as you say, it certainly marked a great mind, to be free from fear, and able to act with generous confidence, at such a moment; therefore, we will give your hero the praise he in this instance merits, and thus close our game.

THE FIVE SISTERS.

SOPHIA. LINDSEY. ARTHUR.

LINDSEY. Now, Arthur, the tea-things are gone, and Sophia has brought out her work-box; so please to produce your enigma, according to promise.

SOPHIA. I am impatient to hear it. Pray, is it likely to prove very difficult to guess?

ARTHUR. No. It is, unfortunately, a great deal too easy.

LINDSEY. Pray begin.

ARTHUR. An aged matron had five daughters, who, though they had been brought up in the same house, had such different tempers, that they could not agree to live together. The venerable parent, finding all her endeavours to reconcile them were useless, at length determined to divide her lands into five different parts, and let each of her daughters choose one, in order that they might all live separate, without interfering with each other. This she accordingly did; and then summoning her children, she desired them to make choice of their

respective portions. Hereupon the first sister advanced, and laid claim to the middle division. It was rather the largest, and more remarkable than the rest for the beauty of its productions. The birds in the sunny region glittered in the gayest plumage, and the animals exceeded in strength and beauty those of every other country; but to counterbalance these seeming advantages, the soil was parched and barren, and in many places so little cultivated, that whole plains were left without a single inhabitant, save the wild beasts. Upon her sisters remarking this, however, she was extremely angry: her colour changed from gipsy hue to downright black; and she became so hot, that fatal consequences might have ensued, had not a long-continued shower of rain fortunately fallen, which considerably cooled her.

No sooner had the first sister finished speaking, than the two next rose together, and, with much moderation, desired leave to choose their portions. A stranger, on seeing them at a distance, would have pronounced them to be exactly alike; but, on a nearer view, a great difference was perceptible. This was probably owing to the different education they had received; one having been cultivated with the greatest care, while the other was suffered to run wild, or was cruelly depressed. The former

was distinguished by her flaxen locks, and light-blue eyes, which, however, were said to change colour as she approached her eldest sister. She was firm, but gentle in her disposition; not so violent in her feelings as her sister, and more constant. Being so much alike, it was expected these two sisters would have chosen their dominions near to each other; but, on the contrary, they preferred having their fiery sister between them.

Only two more now remained; and at first it seemed doubtful whether they would rouse themselves, and claim their portions, so cold and inanimate did they appear. At length, however, they arose; but a fit of shivering for some time prevented their words from being heard. Long icicles hung pendant from their locks, and their bodies were carefully wrapped up in skins and furs. As the fairest countries had already been selected by the elder sisters, the mother felt some apprehension lest her younger daughters should be dissatisfied with their portions; but in this she was, happily, mistaken. They began by declaring, that they envied not the superior possessions of their more fortunate sisters; they loved the barren, dreary wilds, and snow-capt hills, which had fallen to their lot, and would not exchange

them for the most fertile region; and that, as for their hot-headed sister, who had chosen first, they declared they should melt in sorrow if they were obliged to live near her. Each then coolly took possession of her portion; but, to the surprise of all, fixed their residence at the furthest possible distance from each other.

The division being thus made, the venerable matron dismissed the five sisters to their respective dominions, where they now reside, never having changed their places of abode.

SOPHIA. I think I have found out your enigma: you mean your Five Sisters to represent the five zones.

ARTHUR. You are quite right, Sophia.

LINDSEY. I guessed it as soon as you came to the long-continued shower of rain. I thought that must refer to the rainy season in the torrid zone.

SOPHIA. I was afraid, when you gave flaxen locks and light blue eyes to the temperate zone, you would forget that towards the south they are no longer to be found.

ARTHUR. I recollected the dark eyes and raven locks of the Italians and Spaniards, which travellers always mention, or, I dare say, I should have forgotten it.

LINDSEY. I am very glad you did not allow any of the sisters to be discontented with their

portions. I was afraid the two last would grumble a little, at having only the frigid regions of the poles left for their share.

ARTHUR. You forget Thomson's description of the happy Laplanders, which Sophia read to us last night:

They ask no more than simple nature gives;
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.

LONDON BRIDGE.

AUNT AND EMMA.

EMMA. Papa took me yesterday across London Bridge; and as I looked over the parapet, aunt, and saw the water underneath, I wondered how the great pillars of stone which support the arches could ever be placed there. Will you explain to me, aunt, how people build bridges; for I have been thinking about it ever since?

AUNT. What appears to you the greatest difficulty in building a bridge?

EMMA. Having to erect it in the middle of a stream of water. Stones would not adhere firmly together without mortar, even if they could be dropped down, one above the other, exactly in the right place; and that, I should think, it is impossible to do, in such a rapid river as the Thames.

AUNT. Quite impossible, my dear. But some people have a great deal of ingenuity; and, what is better, they make a good use of it, Emma.

EMMA. You mean, aunt, that a way has

been contrived, and that I might find it out. I know you are fond of making me invent things for myself, like Harry's father; but I am afraid I can never invent this, whilst the water is there. And the Thames never dries up, I suppose?

AUNT. No; but is it not possible to send away the water for a time?

EMMA. A great canal might be dug, to be sure, and the river turned into it; but then it could not go through the streets of London, and to take it all round would be a laborious undertaking.

AUNT. But is it necessary to have the whole of the river dry?

EMMA. No. If I could have the part where the arch is to come down, dry, that would be sufficient. (*After thinking some time.*) If it were possible to fix down four very high walls, that should reach above the stream, I could pump out the water from the middle.

AUNT. That is a good guess; and as I do not think you have ever seen the wooden piles that are really used, I will describe them to you. The trunk of a tree is made square, and then pointed at one end with iron, that it may be more easily driven into the ground. Can you form an idea of it?

EMMA. Yes; it would look like a great

square post, tapering off at the bottom to a point. Then I suppose, aunt, I must drive a number of these posts close to one another, all round the place I want to enclose, and then pump out the water which is within that space. By this means, I shall be able to build the foundations of the bridge on dry ground. But, I am afraid, the water will still find its way between the piles.

AUNT. To prevent that, tow is put between them, and well covered over with pitch, as between the planks of ships. This is called *caulking*. But do you know what tow is?

EMMA. Hemp, when it is prepared ready to make ropes; or, I suppose, old ropes would answer the purpose as well. But, aunt, will one row of piles be strong enough to withstand a rapid river?

AUNT. Two rows are driven firmly in, leaving a space between, which is filled with clay, beaten very hard down. Clay resists water better than any thing else; therefore, now I think you have an excellent wall.

EMMA. Yes; now I can pump out all the water within the enclosure, and work away on dry land. But I should think it must be difficult to drive such large pieces of wood into the ground, without splitting them.

AUNT. Fir is generally used, which would

split easily; but a ring of iron is generally put round the top, to prevent that accident. As it requires great force to drive such large piles into the hard ground, a machine is used, which raises a heavy weight of iron very high from the ground, and then drops it down on the head of the pile. You know, I believe, that when a thing falls from a height, it comes down with much more force than its mere weight would have?

EMMA. Yes. The weight is guided, I suppose, so as to fall exactly on the head of the post?

AUNT. It slides up and down between two pieces of wood, with grooves cut in them. Before the new London Bridge was begun, some persons went down in a diving-bell, to examine the old foundations. Should you like to have been of the party, Emma?

EMMA. I do not exactly know what a diving-bell is. I have seen a print of one which looked like a large bell in shape, and of another which was square. Being heavy, it would sink, of course; but I should fear it would soon fill with water, for there seemed no bottom to it.

AUNT. If a vessel is already full, can you put any thing more into it?

EMMA. Certainly not. But I thought the diving-bell was empty, excepting the men who sit in it, and they would not fill half of it.

AUNT. If a man were put into a box so small that he entirely filled it, what would happen to him?

EMMA. He would be suffocated. Oh! now I understand. The diving-bell would be full of air, before it went down into the water. But, aunt, would not the water drive out the air?

AUNT. Which way would the air be driven, if the rim of the bell touched the water on all sides?

EMMA. Upwards; because the water which pushes it is underneath. You smile, aunt. I see it now. There is no opening at the top or sides of the bell, and I know that air will not go down into water, which is heavier than itself; therefore, the diving-bell will keep full of air, and consequently the water will not be able to get in. Still, the men would soon spoil so small a quantity of air by constantly breathing it, and then they must be suffocated.

AUNT. Common air, or the atmosphere, as it is called, is principally composed of two kinds of air; and, when we have drawn in a portion of this mixed air, we retain the greater part of one kind, and send out all the other; therefore,

in time, we *spoil* the air, as you say. Now, as the poor men in the diving-bell cannot open their windows to let in a fresh supply of air, we must send them some.

EMMA. I saw, in the plate, that a leathern pipe came from the ship which the diving-bell was let down from, and the man in the bell kept it to his mouth. He was receiving his fresh supply of air. If there are two men, there must be two pipes.

AUNT. These pipes have sometimes become twisted, and the poor men below have thus died for want of air. This, however, has very seldom happened, as they have a rope to pull when they wish to be drawn up.

EMMA. How dreadful! to be under water, and have no fresh air! I think, aunt, I should not like to go down in a diving-bell.

AUNT. The Thames is not deep enough to occasion this danger, my dear; and I hope you do not mean to be one of those silly people, who live in constant apprehension of misfortunes which may never happen. A wise man, or woman, will equally avoid useless fear and useless rashness.

CHARACTERS.

HENRY. PHILIP. MARIA. MARTIN.
FRANK. EMMA. CHARLES.

HENRY. Shall we have a game at Characters?

ALL. We should like it extremely.

HENRY. Who has thought of one?

PHILIP. I have. Shall I begin?

ALL. Yes, if you please.

PHILIP. I am an old man, seventy years of age, with only one eye. I have been obliged to wander far from home, and now I sit in a palace with four secret outlets of escape; but, alas! they are all in the hands of my enemies. Bring me my bowl of poison. But stay, before I drink it, let me tell you that, though I am old and an outcast, I am still formidable to the most powerful nation in the world. Who am I?

MARIA. Tell us something more of your past life: we cannot guess it yet.

PHILIP. I have been a great warrior and statesman, and endeavoured to reform my country; but the depredators whom I obliged to cease from plundering the people were enraged,

and joining with my enemies, I was obliged to fly, but not, however, without my treasures: yet these I should afterwards have lost, had I not hidden them in brazen images, which I suffered to be thrown about as if they were of no consequence. My greatest exploit, (as it is generally considered,) was travelling, with a great number of people, over some high mountains, covered with snow. It was terribly cold, and the natives threw great stones upon us. Then, one fell against another, and, as the paths were steep and slippery, numbers were thrown down and killed. I was at length obliged to cut away part of the rock.

MARIA. Oh! pray, Mr. Hannibal, did you employ vinegar?

PHILIP. I was afraid you would find me out, when I came to crossing the Alps. Now, Maria, who are you?

MARIA. I am a much greater conqueror than you. I advance with the sword in one hand, and a book in the other. Take your choice. Will you believe what I tell you, or shall I cut off your head?

MARTIN. *Allah, illa Allah! Mahomet rassal Allah**! But pray tell me what I am to believe?

* "There is but one God, and Mahomet is the prophet

MARIA. First, that this Koran came down from heaven, a sheet at a time; (unluckily, I have mixed them, and cannot arrange them again properly;) secondly, that it is necessary to cut off the heads of all unbelievers, Christians especially. They have been established six hundred years before me; so that, unless you exert yourselves, the Crescent will be forced to yield to the Cross, and the true faith will be treated with contempt by the infidels.

MARTIN. But, supposing the Christians are very numerous, and very useful, may not we sometimes let them live for the sake of good policy?

MARIA. Why, yes; provided you make them pay a very heavy tribute, and take care not to let them live comfortably, but oppress them as much as possible.

MARTIN. Truly, you are very humane! And you have made good progress; for, I believe, you have about one hundred millions of followers, and we Christians, or infidels, as you are pleased to style us, are not more than one hundred and eighty millions.

MARIA. But tell us what are your pretensions.

of God," the Mahometan creed. This sentence is said aloud from the minarets of the mosques, to call the people to prayers, no bells being used.

MARTIN. Why, I am not a successful warrior. Alas! I am at this moment being dragged away from my beloved country; and, when I reach yonder southern capital, I shall die the death of a traitor, though no man ever exerted himself more in behalf of his native land, or loved it better. I was willing to lead the people to conquest, or to resign my authority without a struggle. I have lived in caves, wandered over barren mountains, and suffered hunger, cold, and fatigue, in the service of my country. Little did I expect that the friend whom I trusted would betray me to my bitterest enemies.

HENRY. That is my favourite, Sir William Wallace. I would rather have been him, even riding to London to be executed, than Sir John Monteith, in the height of prosperity. Now, I think, I shall puzzle you all. I am in prison, with several companions; but, as our detention is altogether unjust, amongst a people with whose language we are even unacquainted, we think we have a right to escape if we can. "So now, my brave fellows, arise; but, take care, for you must avoid not only your guards, but also the comrade who lies sleeping yonder, and will not join us. You have found a kettle, have you? That will be useful, if we are obliged to stay long on the mountains. Go on: now there

is only this hedge. But what must I do? I have fallen, and hurt my knee terribly. How shall I make my escape, if I am lame? Go on without me: I shall only detain you, and you will be safer without me. You will not! Well, my brave comrades, I hope to live to return your kindness." Now fancy us hurrying along. We have reached a hill covered with trees. They kindly wait a little, to rest my knee. Now we move forward. One place is so steep, that, having reached the middle, my knee is so painful, I can but just stand: I am every moment in danger of falling. "Oh, my brave fellow! you will never be able to bear my weight in such a position. I have firm hold of your belt. But no, I shall destroy you, in the attempt to save myself. I am not so selfish." The other generously insists upon it, and at length both reach the top in safety, though exhausted. However, after a few days, we were discovered and brought back to prison. The least I could do, was to take all the blame upon myself, as commander, which I did, and we were not treated with any additional severity.

FRANK.

"Long, long, brave Golownin, may honour attend thee.
And Makaroff ever be near to befriend thee *!"

* See "Winter Evenings," vol. ii.

HENRY. I did not think you could have guessed it. Now, Frank, it is your turn to give a character.

FRANK. Then, I can assure you, I am one of the greatest heroes recorded in history. My country, though a very small one, is very remarkable, and its annals have been carefully handed down to us. For myself, I led from the mountains a small, but determined band, and frequently overcame immense armies. I established the independence of my country, in opposition to a very powerful monarchy; and, with the assistance of my six brothers, put down bands of robbers, which were even more hurtful to my countrymen than their foreign foes. One fault alone I committed, which was, calling in to my assistance the aid of a powerful heathen nation.

(The children could not find this out; so, after they had all guessed wrong, Frank was obliged to tell them that he meant Judas Maccabeus, the famous leader of the Jews. Frank had therefore to give another.)

FRANK. Then I will be a hermit; but do not fancy me sitting under a tree, or in the midst of a desert, eating wild fruits and herbs. No: I travel from country to country, arousing the people every where to arms; persuading them to leave their homes, put a piece of scar-

let cloth upon their shoulders, and go to take possession of a land many hundred miles distant. 'Tis true, I do not even understand the language of the country into which my cause leads me; but zeal is all-powerful. See yonder immense multitude, willing to follow wherever I shall lead them!

CHARLES. I will assume the cross, and fight valiantly in the Holy Land, though *Peter the Hermit* has long been dead. But why do you suffer my brother to take possession of my dominions in my absence? Must I return, disguised like a wanderer, to my own land? Now I am discovered, and imprisoned. Surely my own people will ransom me!

(*Several speaking at once.*) Richard the First of England.

(*They draw lots, to determine who shall speak next.*)

EMMA. I am not a warrior. I wish to spread peace and happiness, not to destroy mankind. Is it in a Christian country that I find such misery? Guilt must be punished; but surely, the guilty should be pitied and improved. I will examine all the prisons. "What, all?" Yes, labour is nothing in such a cause. "But even the hardened jailor dare not venture into these vaults!" Then is there the greater necessity for me to brave the infection. What!

would you suffer a fellow-creature to die for want of assistance, when you have the power of affording it? Believe me, I shall not hesitate to travel over all Europe, to alleviate the misery of my fellow-creatures.

PHILIP. We all love *John Howard*. Now we have each given one; and I think yours, Emma, makes an excellent conclusion to the game.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING.

FATHER. ADOLPHUS.

ADOLPHUS. Father, I have studied hard at school, both in obedience to your wishes, and from the pleasure of success; and, when I go to college, I hope I shall improve myself still more. Now you said, yesterday, that I am old enough to examine closely into the motives of my actions; and, upon reflection, I find that I do not clearly understand why learning is of such value, as to be made the principal aim of my whole life.

FATHER. This is an enquiry of great importance, and I will willingly assist you with my opinion on the subject. But, in the first place, I object to your assertion; for I by no means think that learning ought to be the principal aim of your whole life.

ADOLPHUS. I remember hearing you say, some years ago, that the habits of obedience and application, acquired by children in learning things, the value of which they could not then understand, were of even more importance than

the knowledge they thus acquired. I was very much surprised ; for I did not then know that obedience to parents is the chief duty of childhood, nor could I perceive that it would gradually lead us to obey the laws of our country and of God. But that is not my present question. I am thinking of the true value of learning, when acquired.

FATHER. Then let us confine ourselves entirely to this part of our subject. As to the lowest steps of the ladder, the ability to read, write, and cast accounts passably, I fancy there will be little hesitation in acknowledging the utility of these inferior branches of learning.

ADOLPHUS. No, certainly. Reading seems to open a new world, to say nothing of its enabling us to learn our duty. I believe nobody ever repented of learning to read. As to writing, that is so agreeable when one has friends at a distance, which most people have, some time or other, that much need not be said about that. And, lastly, for accounts, without a knowledge of them, we should be almost sure either to cheat others, or be cheated ourselves, neither of which is right. So, now for the higher branches.

FATHER. The quantity of knowledge useful to a man, varies according to his station in life. For a labourer, reading, writing, and accounts,

would, I should think, be sufficient. If he have what is generally called a genius, and possesses the means of gratifying it, the pleasure to himself will be great, and he may perhaps cultivate his talents so as to be serviceable to others. But this will depend, in a great measure, upon circumstances; and therefore we will not introduce it into our argument. Let us now compare a poor man, with this degree of knowledge, with one that is entirely ignorant. No man can employ his whole time in severe bodily labour, for the limbs must have rest. Now, if a father can fill up his leisure, partly in reading for his own amusement, and partly in instructing his children whilst they sit round a cheerful fire, will not his whole family be much happier, than if the children ran about the streets dirty and ragged, whilst their father spent the money, which should have added to their comforts, in an alehouse, to which many are driven merely by the want of employment? The brutal, insensible state of mind, produced by absolute ignorance, would be very difficult to describe: indeed, none can form an adequate idea of such a character, without witnessing an example.

ADOLPHUS. And such, happily, are but seldom to be found. I begin to perceive that we undervalue knowledge, for want of comparing men as they are, with what they would

be in a state in which we rarely see them, and therefore overlook. I am quite convinced of the advantage of a little learning. Now will you proceed a step or two higher.

FATHER. The degrees are innumerable, and the differences so slight, that it is almost impossible to class them. What we may perhaps consider the next step, is that which enables many persons who have not sufficient strength for bodily labour, or who would consider it a degradation, to support themselves respectably as masters of cheap schools, clerks, and in other similar employments. A little more knowledge enables men to carry on their trades to greater advantage; and some, such as booksellers, printers, and masters of every description, live entirely upon the profits of learning. What would become of our manufactures, and where would be our learned professions, without that knowledge which has become the great pillar of modern society?

ADOLPHUS. And now for its advantages to those who have independent fortunes.

FATHER. To them it is inestimable. It seems to be a law of our nature, that happiness cannot exist, without exertion either of body or mind, until, at least, the close of life. Men of fortune, therefore, having no inducement to bodily labour, and no obligation to mental

exercise, if they are so unfortunate as to possess no taste for science or literature, have no object in life, no pursuit which interests them. They have every thing which to others appears necessary to happiness, but it gives them no pleasure. Eaten up with *ennui*, persons have been known to commit suicide, because they could no longer support the burden of a useless life. Others rush to the gambling-table, merely on account of the interest it excites, by giving them something to hope for—something to do. Thus, their unfortunate families are ruined, and, after being brought up in all the helplessness of luxury, find themselves suddenly exposed to comparative, if not absolute, want. And all this is occasioned by the want of that employment of the mind, which a love of literature would have furnished; and which would have been attended by constant satisfaction, instead of the miserable sensations of a gambler.

ADOLPHUS. One thing surprises me, father. All the advantages you mention relate only to this life; but I thought the principal use of learning was to assist us to prepare for a future existence?

FATHER. Undoubtedly. When so applied, learning becomes wisdom.

ADOLPHUS. I do not clearly understand the difference between the two.

FATHER. Wisdom pursues the best ends by the best means. Learning is simply the acquirement of knowledge; and that knowledge may be applied to no end, or the end may be a bad one: in either case, you perceive, it is not wisdom. Now tell me what is the best end to be obtained by mankind.

ADOLPHUS. That is not a difficult question to answer, since we believe that the future happiness of the virtuous will far exceed any good we can obtain here. And it has often surprised me, that it should ever be thought *ridiculous* to endeavour our utmost to do what is right, when it is allowed, that such a conduct will produce happiness the most lasting, and, above all, the most certain, of any thing within the compass of the human mind to conceive. It appears to me, that we ought to consider it *ridiculous* to neglect such an advantage. I believe, a person who should neglect to seize the hundredth part of the happiness he expects hereafter, if offered in this world, would be considered as little less than insane. But I must not wander too far. Will you show me how learning leads to wisdom?

FATHER. Since the end is ascertained, there

can be no doubt as to the means; as we know the rules to which we must conform, in order to obtain future happiness. It is of the first importance to be convinced of the existence of God; and what so likely to produce this conviction, as a careful study of His works? Chemistry, botany, the structure of animals, every branch of natural history, prove, to a reflecting mind, the existence of a Creator; and, the deeper the investigation, the clearer the conviction. Humility may, perhaps, be placed next in order; and here we must carefully distinguish between false knowledge, which puffeth up, and that real, sound learning, which keeps us humble. It appears to me, that exclusive attention to one branch of study narrows the mind, by leading to the opinion that *no* other pursuit is of equal importance. Besides, by confining the powers of the understanding to one subject, a greater degree of excellence will be obtained in it, than by the generality of those whose studies are more widely extended; and the fame thereby acquired, is in danger of leading to pride, and all those feelings most opposed to humility.

ADOLPHUS. But those who are intended for the learned professions, or as masters in any particular art, cannot otherwise obtain the requisite proficiency.

FATHER. I believe, where the inclination exists, time will always be found for the acquisition of some portion of general knowledge; and it is now expected that every gentleman should have received a liberal education, and not exclusively confine his attention to one subject. There is also another important reason for the cultivation of general knowledge. Benevolence is a leading feature of Christianity, and we shall find it more easy to sympathize with others, if we are not entirely ignorant of those subjects which most engage their attention. Self-knowledge, again, is a branch of learning which cannot be too highly prized. The power of regulating our own minds, and controlling our passions, must surely be preferable to governing others; and it is certainly more difficult, as well as more useful. But almost every branch of knowledge has its particular advantage, and it would be impossible to enumerate the whole. I must not, however, omit one remark, which appears to me of great importance. As society is at present constituted, a young man, who has neglected his education, will feel that he is not qualified to mix in good company; and leaving those in whose conversation he cannot join, he will associate with low, vulgar companions, and become the prey to every

temptation. Keeping company with coaches and gamblers, and unsupported by native dignity of mind, it is not surprising that so many young men fall into the vices of what is called fashionable life.

A learned and good man I consider to be the perfection of human nature. His mind, expanded by benevolence, views all men as brethren, and entertains no narrow prejudices in favour of his own country or opinions. He knows that men must differ upon many points, and does not consider himself authorized to erect a standard to which all must bow. Having agreeable employment for the powers of his mind, and the best feelings of his heart, he will enjoy as much happiness as this world is capable of bestowing; and far from being made miserable by gloomy apprehensions of death, he will look forward with reasonable, though modest hope, to unspeakable happiness beyond the grave.

ADOLPHUS. The hope of future happiness always confers present pleasure; therefore, those must be greatly mistaken who imagine that a good man is miserable in this world. Oh, my father! how I will exert myself to become, as nearly as possible, such a character as you describe. If I cannot attain to its full perfection, I will at least remember the passage

you pointed out to me yesterday, in the life of Mr. Cappe: "Time was given us, that we might buy with it the blessings of eternity. If we expend it on the vanities of this world, how shall we enter on that glorious inheritance?"

THE END.

